

NEW YORK
Saturday Journal
A POPULAR PAPER
PICKENS & PIERCE
STAR
FOR

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

(One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, \$2.00
Two copies, one year, \$3.00)

No. 150.

A TEAR.

BY HAP HAZARD.

I've seen it glisten in thine eye,
I've kissed it from thy cheek,
When, to express the tenderness
I felt, mere words were weak.
I've seen it tremble on thy lash,
A pendant, dewy pearl,
And felt it move to warmer love
For thee my heart, sweet girl.

When stirs thy soul's deep, stainless well
With pain at others' woe,
Beyond the bound that hedges round,
How warm its waters flow!
When thrills thy breast with kindred joy
Another's weal to see,
As quickly start from out thy heart
Glad tears of sympathy.

As birds, their hearts with joy oppressed,
Will falter in their flight,
While sweet their note doth upward float,
Made sad by sheer delight—
The proper gladness of thy heart
So tender, ever mine,
Doth oft distill a trickling rill
Of brightness crystalline.

But mingled in the lot of all
Is grief's corroding leaven:
A passing cloud will sometimes shroud
The sun of e'en thy heaven.
Ah! then to kiss away the tear
Were soon most prized of all.
With Love's fond art to snatch thy heart
From Sorrow's blighting thrall!

Nay, I would not that e'er and aye
A smile should light thy charms;
When warmest glows the flame, repose
Within these eager arms,
And on the altar of our love,
Fair maid whom I adore,
A tear-drop bright—a gem of light—
Thy sweet libation pour!

The False Widow:
OR,
FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S
DECEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME
DURAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE LODGE.

THE Lessinghams had determined to keep open house this summer, and so came down to Beachcliff and the Lodge with the first sunny May days.

The Lodge was a low, wide structure, with a peaked gable front, from which long wings extended on either side, for all the world like some motherly brown hen with pinions outspread to protect a numerous and troublesome brood.

For all that, Lessingham Lodge had no great number of inmates when it sheltered only the family proper. There were the judge and his wife, their son, Aubrey, and the judge's daughter, Geraldine. The latter was the offspring of an early marriage contracted when the now prosperous judge was merely a law student in a dingy downtown office, drudging at odd hours to keep the wolf of famine from his humble door. The first wife died, leaving a two days' old girl baby to the embarrassed protection of the young father.

This responsibility served to excuse the haste he displayed in making a second choice, though the affair would not have attracted attention outside the inevitable circle of grocer, butcher, and haberdasher gossip, but for the fact that the pretty young blue-eyed girl he married belonged to one of the first families in the city, who might have stretched out her lily fair hand and chosen the flower of an eager throng among a dozen rich men's sons.

This second marriage and the dowry of his lady wife were of great aid, however, in enabling business men to appreciate the executive ability and legal acumen of the new-fledged attorney at law. From that time he had climbed steadily up the dizzy ladder of success, finding plenty of ready hands to give him a friendly shove—though justice compels the statement that his own fixed bull-dog intrepidity would certainly have won the struggle unaided—but in that case his task would have been harder and longer—until now he rested upon the very highest pinnacle his ambition had pointed to.

Yet, with the revelations which come to short-sighted mortals, though resting for the time upon his laurels, he now beheld new heights rise before him and unexplored tempting fields stretching in his way.

Early as it was, one or two of Miss Lessingham's young lady friends had been persuaded to anticipate the coming season and accompany the family down to Beachcliff. There were hosts of arduous duties to require immediate attention. The Lodge, which had served as their country seat more in name than fact hitherto, needed a thorough renovation and new equipment. Mrs. Lessingham, one of those dainty, delicate, dependent women who are helpless as babies in things pertaining to practical matters, deferred every thing to her efficient housekeeper, and Geraldine undertook a general superintendence to insure good taste of arrangement and adornment. Such a task required the support of competent advisers, so her bosom friends, Cornelia Day and Meggy Winfield, had been sharing the turmoil and vexation of dismantled rooms and following refitting.

It was all over at last, and a miniature jubilee given in honor of successful completion.

This was the occasion of Walter Lynne's particular engagement at the Lodge. He came rapidly up the sloping lawn dotted



The hot blood flamed in Florry's cheeks while she waited for Walter to speak.

with clumps of well-ordered forest trees, which separated the cozy structure from the shady grass-grown lane, which was its recognized avenue of approach.

Miss Lessingham gave him a little defiant nod from the balcony, where the ladies had disposed themselves comfortably upon the benches, and turned her attention persistently on the piece of tangled netting she was industriously putting in order for her step-mamma.

The latter, something of an invalid, reclined in a low rocker, just within the open French window. She leaned forward to greet the new arrival with real pleasure beaming in her welcoming smile and tone. Young Lynne was a favorite of hers, with his dainty, graceful ways and subdued presence. He had a woman's tact, and never failed to exert it in making friends.

"Ah, Walter!" Mrs. Lessingham gave him her transparent little hand. "How late you are. I've been exerting myself in your favor; these unreasonable girls were quite impatient that their only invited guest should not prove punctual. Even Aubrey became disheartened and deserted us."

"To go in search of the truant, mother mine," called a stalwart young fellow of twenty, lounging out from a neighboring shade. "How could I, unsupported, endure the battery of four pairs of pretty women's eyes, or stem the tide of four women's tongues? I preferred the knoll and a bird's-eye view of the situation. Imagine the desperate strait driving me to that sultry afternoon. But I came down from my eyrie soon as I espied Walter in the distance."

Lynne glanced a trifle uneasily at the young man's laughing countenance as he responded to his hostess.

"My dear Mrs. Lessingham, you place me under renewed obligations. Only an important consideration could detain me from such delightful society after the earliest admissible hour, and such a consideration intervened in the form of an unexpected meeting with an old friend."

Then he turned to seat himself by the side of Geraldine, whose downcast eyes shot out a little side gleam of triumph at the success of her feint.

"Certainly you did not credit me with wilful negligence," he murmured, reproachfully. "You must have known how I burned with impatience to breathe this charmed atmosphere. Banished for three entire days, do you suppose I could linger for an unnecessary moment?"

"How should I know?" she replied. "You gentlemen are so untrustworthy. I don't know that I should have observed your remissness, but we had laid out for croquet the first thing this afternoon."

"Ah, cruel! But it is something to be missed, even through such a cause."

"Don't pardon him, Gerry," called her

brother from the lounging attitude he had assumed against one of the slender pillars of the balcony. "He was making love to some village sylph down there upon the beach. Don't deny it, Lynne. I saw her 'tread the air,' buoyed up by all sorts of 'blisses inflated,' I'll be bound."

Walter looked annoyed. Miss Lessingham let her fine eyes rest upon him with a questioning glance, which did not lessen his discomposure. If he had hitherto made love to Florry in a non-committal fashion, he had very nearly committed himself to the judge's daughter through an assumption of the tender passion, which, being a lady's man, it was not hard for him to manifest.

"Do your acquaintanceships grow old in a month?" she asked, with slight satire. "You have been at Beachcliff for that length of time, I believe."

"But he was down in the neighborhood on a shooting excursion last October," interposed Aubrey. "That's what chained my attention to-day, for I thought I identified his fair companion as the pretty rustic Madame Rumor credited with possessing his devotion then. A mere school-girl, Gerry, and wild as a partridge, for I never could succeed in getting within comfortable inspecting distance of her, though I confess to being a little curious during the two days I was at hand to watch proceedings. I say, suppose we ask her up here one of these days? I'd like to bring my critical taste to bear upon the little *enamorata*."

"How you chaff one, Aubrey!" interrupted Lynne, with a laugh. "You will certainly ruin my cause with your fair friends here. Even Mrs. Lessingham is regarding me with doubtful gravity. My dear madam, will you be kind enough to exercise your authority over that rattle-brained youth? Who knows what grave charges he may prefer against me next?"

With a good-natured laugh Aubrey turned his attention to the task of making himself agreeable to his sister's friends, and forgot his own unmeaning rillery.

The afternoon went on. They played croquet in the grounds at the further extreme of the lawn, but sauntered back as they saw the table laid under the shadows of the oak trees skirting the west side of the Lodge. It was Geraldine's idea, this informal little tea-party, so different from the elaborate entertainments for which the judge was noted. It was a mere whim on her part, and one which could not be indulged a little later, when the house would be filled with a gay, aristocratic throng, whose sense of propriety must be duly deferred to. An outdoor fete, with music on the grounds, would be very different from this imitation of primitive hospitality.

Aubrey left to himself for a moment, was surprised to feel a light hand descend upon his shoulder, and turned to face

Geraldine, whose silent approach he had not observed.

"Was that all nonsense you were talking about the village girl and Lynne's love-making, Aubrey?"

He stared at that straightforward, abrupt question, and answered, slowly:

"Nonsense?—I suppose so. It's true—at least they say he was open enough with his admiration of the girl. But as to meaning any thing, why—Lynne's not the fellow to let a pretty face get the better of his worldly caution. I hope you're not caring, Gerry?"

"But I am caring. No girl likes to discover that one of her most devoted followers is just as devoted in somebody else's train. I don't, at least."

"Is that all? I wouldn't like to know that you had let any serious thought come into your mind along with Lynne."

"Why not say she demanded, half defiantly.

"Because—why, because, he's not the sort of match for my father's daughter."

Geraldine broke into a laugh gay enough to disarm his momentary suspicion.

"Thank you for your concern, Aubrey, but your father's daughter is very selfishly alive to her own interests. You don't understand how jealous we women can be of even our nearest conquests. It wouldn't be pleasant going into raptures over the charms of some rustic Hebe."

Aubrey followed her with his eyes as she moved away to rejoin her companions, the troubled look lingering.

"It never struck me before that it was possible she might care for him," he mused. "Palaw! Gerry is never so foolish as that."

He smiled at his own fear and dismissed it, but it was destined to come back to him with stronger force before the evening was quite over.

The young people had gathered about the daintily-laden board, making merry over the inconveniences the experiment involved. The judge and his wife had dined *tete-a-tete* within, unwilling to expose themselves to the early dew and troublesome insects. The former had strolled out to puff his evening cigar, and paused near the hilarious party as a remembrance occurred to him.

"Any new arrivals to-day, Lynne?" he asked.

"Several. The hotel is filling already. Colonel Marquestone was making inquiry regarding you."

"Yes. He wants my influence in favor of the new corporation, and I engaged to see him to-morrow. Will you carry my excuses? I've got to return to New York for a day or two. Some will business that's pressing. By the way, does any one happen to know a young lady named Redesdale hereabouts?"

Aubrey turned an inquiring look upon Lynne.

"Your—friend of the beach, Walter? That is the name, if I remember."

"Florien Redesdale! I have met her."

"Ah-h! She's in luck, it seems. Her father died in Australia a short time ago, leaving a deposit of three hundred thousand in our hands, which goes to her. There's a later fund and other disposition, I believe, and some straightening required immediately."

The judge was president of the bank to which Hubert Redesdale had forwarded his treasure, and it was to his keeping the will had been submitted.

Three hundred thousand! Lynne, not expecting a third of that, had made up his mind to win Florry at all hazards and reform for her sake, so great was the influence the little rustic maid exerted over him. The magnitude of the prize which was ready to drop into his outstretched hand gave him a shock of triumphant gratification.

Geraldine, watching him narrowly, saw the conscious flush which illumined his countenance, and in that moment understood by intuition what a powerful rival she had in the field she strove to win. If a rival when poor and obscure, what would she be with a fortune to back her enchantments?

And Aubrey, noting his sister's set expression, thought, with an inward groan:

"She has set her heart on him, I do believe. Gerry's not the girl to let herself be outdone, and now, like as not, she'll throw herself at his head to prevent the other one from getting the start of her."

CHAPTER V.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

GRIM, stern and tall, Deborah Gray loomed up against the inner darkness, struck dumb for a moment by the unexpected spectacle.

Florry drew one gasping breath, and made a flying leap to the ground to find herself caught and held firmly by a man who stood there, and who was not Walter Lynne. The light flaming out betrayed him a few feet distant, chained to the spot it would seem by Miss Deb's horrified and accusing gaze.

Florien took it all in at a glance, and an irrepressible laugh gurgled in her throat at the consternation reflected in the surrounding faces.

"Florien!" ejaculated her aunt, in her most frigid tones.

"Lynne!" cried Florry's captor, in evident amazement.

Florry peeped up at him to recognize the fair, ruddy face, the mischievous brown orbs, and curling auburn locks of Aubrey Lessingham. If he had not succeeded in obtaining a close inspection of the little

rural beauty, she was quite familiar with the personality of the judge's son.

Aubrey had wandered down to the shore after the little party at the Lodge broke up, and the members of the household dispersed to their various apartments. The disquiet aroused by the conviction that Geraldine had formed an undesirable attachment for Lynne, who it was whispered in the circle to which he had penetrated, was a fortunate one to a mere mercenary adventurer, tolerated on account of his good connections and pleasant address—was strong enough to effectually banish sleep, or the inclination for it.

He had walked the sands for an hour, listening to the break of the waves as they dashed against the distant rocks. Returning by the lonely road which stretched past Miss Gray's isolated cottage, he came upon the scene of the proposed elopement just in time to defeat the romance of the denouement, and so materially alter the flow of succeeding circumstances, that Florry, who was so near taking her fortune in her own hands at that moment and casting them to the winds, was left to become the heroine of a romance in the reality of life, stranger than usually comes to the young girls of our generation.

"Come straight into the house, every one of you," commanded Miss Deb, finding her indignant tongue. "You, sir, don't you go to sneaking out of the way till you give a straight account of your business here. As to that ungrateful, disobedient girl, if she's bent upon her own destruction, she goes in the face of Christian warning and against the hand which'll never be held back from her deliverance."

Walter Lynne hesitated for one instant between complying with the spinster's curt command and taking himself inconspicuously out of the reach of her caustic tongue. A thought of all he should forfeit by the latter course decided him. He knew Florry's high spirit well enough to be sure that she would never forgive his desertion of her at such a time.

Miss Gray stalked back into the wide, low kitchen, followed silently by the trio from the yard. Florry, quaking in her shoes before the impending wrath of her grim relative, would have gladly taken all the consequences upon her own shoulders rather than admit Aubrey Lessingham to the stormy conference sure to follow. She hoped his own finer instincts might take him away, but Aubrey, with his sister's interests at heart, was oblivious to the promptings which motives of delicacy might otherwise have suggested, and followed them in without further asking.

"Now," said Deborah, putting down her candle and facing the masculine delinquent, "how can you bear it on your conscience coming here to tempt a girl like that to the evil ways of the world? I don't doubt but you've been making fair promises to the girl, but men of your sort aren't apt to hide much honesty under fine words."

The hot blood flamed in Florry's cheeks while she waited for Walter to speak.

"My intentions were honest, madame," he retorted, a little sulkily. Aubrey's presence was a check to the eloquent persuasions which for the first time almost in his life refused to slip glibly from his tongue.

"Honest in the service of your master—the devil," commented Miss Deb.

"Florry," Walter appealed to her, "I can not hope to persuade you and I know that my course meant safety and freedom from tyranny to you. She gave me no chance but to seek you secretly. Will you throw off her oppression and come with me now the same as we planned but for this interference? Will you trust to me still, Florry darling?"

"I will trust you, Walter. But aunt Deb shall not cast such slurs upon you. I wouldn't steal away in the middle of the night now for all Beacholiff, but if you'll come to-morrow prepared to—to—If you'll bring Mr. Gilmore—"

Florry blushed rosy red as Walter eagerly took up her words.

"There's that! Gladly, Florry. And your aunt can not prevent your becoming my wife—will not, I mean, when convinced of my sincerity."

"Oh," interrupted Miss Deb, dryly, "then I'm to suppose the news is out already. There's no doubt that you've heard of Florry's fortune, Mr. Walter Lynne."

"Not to be influenced by it," he asserted.

"Oh, no; but I daresay you surmise that she can't get possession of a cent of it till she comes of age, which will be five years from now. How shall you support your wife until then, may I ask?"

This was surmise purely on Miss Deb's part, since she was no better informed on the subject than was her listeners, but it carried an effect. It was a phase of affairs Lynne had not considered. Really loving Florry much as it was possible for him to love, he had been on the point of making a blind leap without looking to the immediate consequences.

He hesitated, and before he could arrange a satisfactory response, Florry herself interrupted.

"Oh, Walter, I never thought of that. Of course I would never consent to be a burden to you all that time. We will have to wait until the will is read, and know its conditions. I don't even know how much I shall have."

Aubrey turned to the discomfited young man with a merry twinkle shining in his brown eyes.

"Three hundred thousand, wasn't it, Lynne? My father is one of the trustees, I believe, Miss Redesdale. I beg pardon for my share in this night's business, but I'd no idea of the true state of affairs. I thought a burglar was trying to force an entrance at the back of Miss Gray's domicile, and gave her warning accordingly. I've intruded most unwarrantably, I'm afraid. Come over and receive Gerry's congratulations, to-morrow, Walter. Let me bid you good-evening, ladies."

And with a bow Aubrey departed, more amused than affected by the *rencontre*, and satisfied that Lynne could never reinstate himself in the good graces of Geraldine should he so desire it after she once knew of this night's proceedings.

"Go you to your room, Florry," commanded Miss Deborah, after he was gone. "Leave me to deal with this young man whose greed leads him to tempt you. Oh, child! if I've been strict, can't you know that it's through duty and for the good of you?"

Such an unwonted burst of reproachful tenderness struck Florry with a thrill of remorse as she recalled what a thorn in the spinster's side she had always proved herself. Nothing loth, she turned to mount the narrow stairs, hesitated at the door, and

then flashed back over the space which separated her from her lover.

"We've been too hasty, Walter. We're both young enough to wait, and I'm not at all afraid but you'll be true to me. Don't vex aunt Deb or be unreasonable—five years is not so very long, you know."

She spoke in a rapid undertone which was lost upon Miss Deb; but Walter, with an appearance of resignation, heard her with a feeling of relief.

He was not prepared to burden himself with a wife who would be dependent upon him for that lapse of time, and with the certainty of winning Florry at the end of it, he could—as she said—afford to wait.

So he took Miss Gray's mingled reproof and advice in a submissive spirit, and went away, simply declaring that he held their betrothal sacred, but should urge nothing further until he could consult with the guardian Hubert Redesdale's will would most probably appoint for his daughter.

He came again to the cottage on the following day, and though Miss Deb set herself as a stone wall of defense to guard her willful charge from the invasion of this lover, even her chilling presence was not sufficient to repress the enthusiastic hopefulness with which he bridged the time of probation widening out before them.

Miss Gray, scarcely expecting this much boldness, had kept Florry in all the morning, determined to defeat any clandestine meeting they might attempt.

The tall old clock in the stairway was ticking a drowsy accompaniment to the sharp rattle of the early peas which Florry was shelling for their twelve o'clock dinner, and which fell in a continuous shower under the manipulation of her nimble fingers.

Florry was inclined to be defiant rather than repentant. She sat in the open kitchen door, trilling out bits of bird-song, determinedly oblivious to the fact that Miss Deb had put on her dearest aspect of martyrdom "in a cause unlamented," unless through her own strict conformance to actuations of duty.

Truly, her understanding of Christian principle, and the debt of gratitude her teaching merited, embraced rather irreconcilable extremes. She had scarcely a compunction over the retention of those letters which would have been like roses in a desert in the freshness of their fervent outbreathings of affection in Florry's monotonous life. The girl's nature was strong and sincere, but she had no sense of the love of which aunt Deb—stem to moroseness, and owning no tenderer weakness than included in her all-absorbing theme of duty—had seldom scattered a crumb. The assurance they contained might have satisfied that craving—might have spared her some of the pain which was to shadow the horizon of her future years.

As it was, she had not even an intimate girl friend. Think of that! Sixteen, full of the generous fire of impetuous youth, and not a confidant into whose sympathetic ear she might pour the vague stirrings of her heart—vague because not yet understood or tested. So much for aunt Deb's careful guardianship.

The last handful of peas rattled against the gleaming sides of the bright tin pan just as the gate at the front of the cottage clanged. Florry's heart beat in expectant throbs.

There was a sound of sharp knocking; down went the pan, and away flew Florry, quite unmindful of her aunt's sharp command that she should stay where she was.

After all, she opened the door to her ardent lover in a more composed and quiet manner than might have been expected of such an impulsive child.

Even aunt Deb, who appeared almost instantly upon the scene, could not find fault with the simple clasp in which their two hands met and parted, but then aunt Deb knew nothing of the delicious thrill that brief contact provoked.

In these introductory chapters our little heroine must appear something in the light of a love-lorn and love-blind dumsel; but if her inexperience was ever pardonable for having created a hero out of base stuff, it must have been upon that morning.

Never had Walter Lynne appeared to truer advantage than when he came with his "plain, unvarnished tale," and with an open manliness she had not credited him with possessing, sought grim aunt Deb's approval of his suit.

Unyielding as she seemed, for one moment the spinster actually hesitated. There was no reason why he should come to her. Florry would soon be out of her guardianship, and no positive benefit could accrue through this attempted conciliation of such power as might be vested in her.

"I do love Florry for herself," said Walter, with all the frankness of truth—he did not think it necessary to add that he had never contemplated any thing different from the ruthless sacrifice of his love, until the changed aspect of affairs which the previous day's revelations brought about.

"I wish nothing more sincerely than that you could put my truth to the test. I am willing to wait any reasonable length of time, but I am going to work at once to hasten the day when I may honorably claim my dainty bride. I don't mean to depend upon Florry's fortune or to wait for it. Just as soon as I am in a position to support her without privations or fear of reverses, I shall take her to my heart and home in spite of any opposition. I wish you would be my friend, Miss Gray, and help me to be strong for her sake."

For one instant, as I have said, Deborah Gray almost relented. Then she shut herself in that impenetrable mist of frigid reserve, and chafed the budding hope which might have blossomed and borne the fruit of honest effort. Who knows?

Heaven helps those in the right," said she, and might have added, "Satan lends strength to his own." But she closed her lips grimly there, and would not utter another word in favor of their youthful folly.

So in her presence Walter Lynne slipped a slender betrothal ring on Florry's finger, and repented his intention to claim her soon as he was justified by his own endeavor.

"It may be a year, or it may be more," said he, "but never longer than to satisfy you, my own."

Florry looked down at the little circlet which just then was the emblem of so strong a bond between them.

"And I have my work, too," she answered; "I shall fit myself to be a worthier mate for you, Walter."

Florry, ennobling her hero, determined that the polishing and veneering which his world required, should not be lacking when the time should come for her to go out into it by his side.

And so their betrothal was solemnized, and already robbed of a tinge of his enthusiasm by his failure to secure aunt Deb as his

patient, steadfast friend, Walter Lynne began to revolve the brilliant schemes by which he hoped to win success and gain his bride.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW.

THE NEW Mrs. Redesdale was in New York.

It was this fact which was taking Judge Lessingham unexpectedly back to the city just as his country house was settled in all the glitter and luxuriousness of handsome upholstery, of velvet carpets and India matings, of lace curtains and silken couches, such as were eminently befitting the residence of a presiding judge, a bank president and an aspirant for future political honors.

Away back in the far distant period of early manhood—which was not suffered to grow rusty in the judge's memory, for with the pride and satisfaction of a self-made man, he was fond of recurring to his old obscurity—in that time had existed a very mild and ordinary sort of friendship between himself and Hubert Redesdale.

It is doubtful, had the latter returned from the land of his voluntary exile no richer in worldly goods, or no further aloft in a worldly scale than he had been that score of years ago, if the worthy judge would have taken much pleasure in remembering their platonic regard. But Hubert Redesdale did not return. Instead, he died there, after gathering together a very handsome competence. But first, as we know, he did that very sensible thing which most men in healthy middle-age often contemplate, but seldom perform—he put his wealth into available form, and made his will, leaving the deposit in the New York house to his daughter Florry.

This was the bulk of his fortune, but not the whole of it, and whatever more there was he had settled upon his wife. The agent who had charge of the foreign business had made a transfer of it for U. S. securities, which were held in her name.

Mrs. Redesdale, wedded and within the term of her bridehood widowed, seemed marked as the sport of sorrowful adventure. The vessel in which she embarked was wrecked in the Southern seas; she was cast alone on a desert island, from which she was fortunately rescued after so short an interval that no apprehensions had been entertained regarding her safety. But the confidential agent of her deceased husband who accompanied her upon this voyage had perished, as it was presumed, as also had the entire ship's crew. They two were the only passengers aboard, and of all, she alone survived to tell the tale.

These facts formed the chain of circumstances which Judge Lessingham had fixed in his mind as he was ushered into the presence of his early friend's widow.

She had taken rooms for a few days at the Astor House, advancing her utter friendlessness in the city as excuse for the publicity which her situation unavoidably entailed.

Judge Lessingham followed his card into the semi-gloom of her private parlor, and uttered expressions of condolence in an embarrassed, hurried way, which betrayed his fear of, and wish to avoid a distressing scene.

"A sensible woman—a very sensible woman," was his conclusion, after ten minutes of that first interview had passed.

For the bereaved wife, with no undue reference to her grief, entered at once upon the business which was the occasion of his summons.

"I believe I have all the documents substantiating my claims," said she. "The packet of papers never left my possession during all the perils I encountered. When we were forced to leave the ship and take to the boats, my agent gave his wallet, containing bills of exchange and his own private papers, to my charge. Poor fellow! he died of exposure on the tenth day, and I was left with two of the sailors in the open boat."

"I was helpless with weakness, and these two men who had me so completely in their power, were turned to fiends incarnate by their awful sufferings. It sickens me to recall it, but I heard them laying their plans to sacrifice me if I no help came that night. Before an hour had passed, one—the strongest of the two—was taken with a sudden crazy fit, and grappling with the other who would have been his accomplice in my murder, they both fell overboard and sank like lead in that awfully calm sea. That was the last I remembered until I awoke to life again on that lonely desert shore, and it seems almost miraculous that I should have escaped, while all those strong men perished."

She told her tale in a quietly intense way which was not without dramatic effect. Her hearer listened practically to an extreme, was lost in admiration of the clear, steady brain of this woman which not only carried her safely through, but left her mistress of all the details in the line of action it was her purpose to pursue. He had come with the expectation of giving advice and explaining the complications which would probably arise. Instead, he was simply acquainted with her plans, all of which he heartily approved.

Florry must go, to some good boarding-school, where her education, rather rude and countermannered might be remodeled to be suit her future established position. Could the judge recommend any such?

He could and did—mentioning the school where his own daughter had been educated. And Mrs. Redesdale, finding him willing, left all the preliminaries of preparing the young lady, and entering her at the establishment, to the accommodating judge.

"It seems like putting what is properly my work upon your shoulders," she said, with a faint smile, "since I am her personal guardian, you simply the guardian of her fortune. But it is my wish to remain in complete retirement until my health, broken somewhat, shall be quite restored—where I may indulge my grief without obtruding it. I do not feel able just yet to bear a meeting with my husband's daughter. He was like a stranger to her, though an affection for her grew up which was remarkable, considering the circumstances of their separation. It is not to be expected that the girl can be much affected by the event of his death, which was such an irreparable loss to her."

Once or twice during the latter part of the interview the widow's black-bordered handkerchief was brought into requisition, and her voice would falter as she made allusion to her husband; but throughout she conducted herself very sensibly—in the judge's opinion.

She sent affectionate messages to Florry, and spoke of arranging a meeting with the

girl before she should enter upon her school duties; then gracefully dismissed her visitor while the glow of his approval was fresh upon him.

But subsequently she diverged this far from the course she had outlined—she did not see Florry, though, it must be confessed, little to the regret of the latter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 149.)

OLD SOLITARY

The Hermit Trapper:

OR,

THE DRAGON OF SILVER LAKE.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY," "IRONSIDES," "THE SCOUT," "DEATH-NOTCH," "THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE BAR.

As soon as Captain Roland Disbrow had left the hunters' camp, Old Solitary ordered the fire to be put out and a change of location.

"Thar's slathers of red-skins about, boys, and we've got to be keeful," he said, "or some of us will lose our ha'r afore mornin'. They've got their eyes on this spot, and will keep 'em here just as long as we stay."

"Where would you advise us to seek new quarters?" asked Harry Thomas.

"Wal, on the south side of the lake thar is a small sand-island that would be a good point to guard against the varlets. If you want to go over to it, I'll bring one of my canoes around while you fellers take your hosses and hide 'em in a new place."

"We'll do it, Solitary," said Ishmael Graves, "for I don't care 'bout losin' my skulp."

"Wal, move yourselves brisk. You will find me with the canoe whar the prairie jines the woods."

So saying, the party proceeded to strike their tents, pack them on the horses and move them to another point.

Something like an hour was consumed in making this change, and when the hunters reached the spot designated by the old trapper, they found him there with a large canoe.

"Now, lads," he said, "you fellers can take this craft and steer for the bar."

"Are you not going with us?" asked Thomas.

"No, sirc; I'm goin' to keep on the tramp round this lake, and I want Old Pizen to go with me."

"I'm your man, Cap," said Dart.

The old trapper now gave our friends such directions as would enable them to reach the island, or sand-bar, without trouble. Then having cautioned them of the dangers that surrounded them all, he pushed the canoe off the beach, and the next moment they were gliding out into the lake. The old trapper and Dart now turned and plunged into the woods again.

There were but five of the hunters now, and under the circumstances, they felt greatly the need of the experience that enables the practical borderman to detect danger and elude it.

However, they felt satisfied that, when once upon the island, their dangers for that night would be over with, for an Indian could never reach them unobserved when there.

In a few minutes' paddling a dark object, lying upon the glassy bosom of the lake, appeared before them, and they knew then they were nearing the sought-for place of safety. And to reach it, land and beach their canoe was but the work of a few minutes' further time.

They found the bar a small, oblong strip of yellow sand, its surface in the middle being scarcely a foot above that of the lake. It was entirely barren of vegetation of every kind, and there was not an object upon it large enough to conceal a rabbit. From this desolate state of the island, our five friends knew at a glance that no enemy could possibly be concealed upon it. However, had they been experienced bordermen, they would, from force of habit, if from no other cause, have made a careful examination of the island, before they could ever have felt themselves safe. But as soon as they had landed, they began preparations for getting a few hours' sleep. The canoe was drawn from the water on the south end of the bar. Some blankets brought along for the purpose were placed upon the ground for couches, and upon these four of the hunters threw themselves and were soon sound asleep, for they had grown weary with the night's excitement and adventures.

The fifth one of the party was placed on guard, to be relieved in the course of an hour. The first watch fell upon Harry Thomas, and with good cheer he took his station. For awhile he walked to and fro across the island to keep himself awake, but every thing had become so supremely silent that he convinced himself that all danger for the night had passed, and so he seated himself on the south end of the island to wait till his watch was over. The first thing he did on assuming this new position was to note the amount of territory over which he could command a view, and he found that the lower his eyes were the better he would be enabled to see objects on the lake. As not a living object was to be seen, he bent his ear and listened. Nothing was to be heard, save the heavy respiration of his companions and the water gently chafing the beach.

With these renewed evidences of their safety, Harry relaxed into quietude of mind and body, and soon weird visions were flitting before his eyes and wild fancies crowding his brain. He was growing drowsy with slumber, and would have soon been sound asleep, had the far-off report of a rifle, as it came across the lake, not broken upon his ear.

He started to his feet. He ran his eyes over the lake like one bewildered. He missed the respirations of his comrades. He took in his surroundings at a single glance, and a cry of horror burst from his lips.

Before him lay their canoe, but his companions were every one gone!

Where were they? What had taken them away so silently—yes, mysteriously?

While he was asking himself these questions, an additional horror forced itself upon him, by making the startling discovery THAT PART OF THE ISLAND WAS ALSO GONE!

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD SOLITARY IN A "FIX."

AFTER they had seen the hunters off for the island, Old Solitary and Jabez Dart made their way along the lake shore toward the north.

They had gained a point nearly opposite that where the hunter's camp had been when they came to a halt near the water's edge. Here the old trapper produced a succession of sounds similar to many of those of nature that can be heard in the forest after nightfall. He gave no reason to his companion for his actions, but soon the light dip of a paddle was heard to the right of them, and the next minute a canoe with a single occupant came in sight from the distant shadows. As it came nearer and nearer, Dart saw that the occupant was an Indian—that his plumed head was bent in the attitude of listening. Old Solitary continued his calls until he saw that the Indian had headed his canoe directly toward them, then he ceased and advanced closer to the water's edge.

Dart now saw that the trapper's calls had been intended for the Indian's ears, for he—the Indian—came on and landed where they stood.

"Ay, you are here, Lone Heart," the old trapper said, familiarly.

"Lone Heart heard the Hermit Trapper's calls, and he came to meet him."

"Right glad I are of it, Lone Heart. This is my new friend, Jabez Dart, Inglin."

Dart greeted the Indian with a cordial shake of the hand, expressing the pleasure it afforded him in making his acquaintance, a stereotyped form of his that had originated from force of habit.

The only manifestation on the part of the Indian was a good-natured "Ugh," though he gave the detective a keen, searching glance as he took his extended hand. But owing to the shadows that concealed the expression of the Indian's face, Dart failed to observe this look of apparent distrust.

The meeting was followed by a momentary silence, which, however, was broken by Dart.

"I must say you fellows understand each other all-fired well," he remarked. "I presume you are in cahoots, friends—partners, eh?"

"No," replied Old Solitary, "we're not in cahoots, but we're friends. I live alone, and so does Lone Heart. But we meet often."

"But why is it that you're alone, Lone Heart? Hain't you no friends?"

"I am a Chippewa," replied the Indian, "and the Dacotah is not a fit companion for the Chippewa. My tribe are dead, and I am alone and sad at heart. There is no enjoyment for Lone Heart."

"Well, that's bad, red-skin. I sympathize with you. But I believe, if it were me, I'd let the Monster of the Lake gobble me up, and be done with life and sorrow."

"The pale-face speaks not from his heart. He knows not how dear life is, even to a poor Chippewa."

Here the Indian turned away, with an unmistakable air of contempt and offended dignity.

"Old Pizen," said Old Solitary, addressing the detective, "if you'll just remain here a minute or two while I take this Chippewa to one side and instruct him a little, I'll be much obliged to you."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Dart, wondering what secrets there could be between the two.

The old trapper and the Indian withdrew a few paces into the woods and held a low conversation.

When they returned, the Indian entered his canoe and at once took his departure. When he was out of sight, Old Solitary turned to Dart, and said:

"A curious Inglin, a curious Inglin. But a better heart never throbbed within a red-man's breast."

"Where does he live?" asked Dart.

"Anywheres. He's bunkin' round this lake now, and he's me some, now and then, with my traps."

"Ah, ah," exclaimed Dart, "how dull and stupid I am. Exactly, I see into it now. But, Solitary, had I better carry any news to Mound Prairie to-night?"

"Yas, I guess you'd better go down, Pizen, though thar's not much of consequence to report. I believe, and so does Lone Heart, that Waucosta, the Sioux chief, is the very lad we want to make a point with. The Monster of the Lake came plaguy nigh gobblin' him onct to-night."

"Been bad for us if he'd got killed," replied Dart, "but suppose I go to the settlement, what shall I report?"

"Progress," returned Old Solitary, "and if I can get my clutches on Waucosta by to-morrow night, I think we'll be all set. However, keep cool as a mountain-top. Don't let the settlers know but what you're up here. See the gal in secret and appoint a place where she can receive another communication by to-morrow night."

All right, Solitary. I'll work the matter up to a demonstration, bet your head on that."

They talked on a few minutes longer; then Dart left the old trapper and proceeded to where their horses had been concealed. In a few minutes more he was on his way to the settlement.

Old Solitary, when left alone, turned and proceeded a short distance along the shore, when he came to a point where he had concealed one of the many canoes he kept at various points around the lake.

Pushing the craft into the water, he embarked therein, still keeping a northerly course and well in under the shadows of the bank and its fringe of forest trees.

He handled the paddle with a silence that evinced his skill in water-craft, scarcely creating a sound that was audible to his own ears.

He continued on until the circuit of the lake had gradually bent his course due west, then he ran in shore with the intention of landing; but, just as the prow of his canoe touched the bank, his practiced ears caught the sound of voices calling in a suppressed tone, to each other from the depths of the forest. They were not far away, and served to change the old trapper's intention of going ashore there. So he again headed his canoe westward and continued on, still hugging the shore closely.

At length he came to the little peninsula upon which Waucosta and Captain Disbrow had had their fierce altercation. As it shot straight out into the lake, it made an abrupt angle in his course, changing it southward.

The peninsula was principally a deposit of limestone rock, covered with a layer of soil that had given nourishment to trees, shrubbery and grass upon it. In some places the banks arose to the light of twenty feet, and were either perpendicular or jutting, and their facade was covered with a dense network of vines, and festooneries of a species of Spanish moss.

In skirting along the base of this peninsula, the old trapper was brought to a sudden halt by the fall of a pebble in the water from the cliff above.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "it must be Lone Heart. He was to drop a pebble in the water if he wanted me above, and there was danger below. Ah, there goes the pebble again."

The old trapper was satisfied that his friend, Lone Heart, was on the rock above, for, on parting a short time previous, Old Solitary had promised to meet him there upon the edge of the peninsula, or under its jutting cliffs, within the next hour.

Lone Heart had informed him that danger lurked about the peninsula, and that he would determine their point of meeting by the magnitude of their peril. If he was wanted on the peninsula, a pebble was to be dropped in the water as he passed along, but if wanted below, a low whistle was to be the signal.

To assure himself that he had heard the fall of a pebble, he waited until he heard the sound repeated the third time. There was no doubt now of his friend being above on the cliff, and, as a double assurance of this, the light dip of a paddle drew his attention to a canoe approaching him from the south along the edge of the peninsula. It hung so close in under the dense shadows of the ledge that it was just discernible, and he could faintly see the outlines of three or four shadowy forms seated within it. These he knew were savages, and their presence there was probably known to Lone Heart, who had, in consequence, signaled for the trapper to meet him above.

Quickly realizing the danger that menaced him, Old Solitary attached the painter of his canoe to a strong vine, then rising to his feet, he began looking for some way to ascend the face of the rock.

The dense, black canopy of a branching elm overhanging the edge of the cliff, shut out all upward view. He could see nothing of his friend above, nor the chances offered for ascent by the vines that curtained the face of the rock. But while he was thus debarred from the assistance of his friend, as he believed, and a knowledge of the face of the rock by the blinding darkness, he felt in no manner deterred in his speedy escape from the approaching Indians. But, reaching up, he grasped hold of the vines, and was about to risk his ascent thereby, when he felt something drop on his shoulder. He knew at once it was a rope of bark lowered by Lone Heart to assist him in his ascent, and releasing his hold upon the vines, he grasped the rope, and, hand over hand, began climbing upward, with a cat-like celerity that was remarkable for one of his years and weight.

He had made more than two-thirds of the height of the rock, when the sudden crack of a rifle, almost under him, pealed out upon the silent hour. It was the same report that aroused Harry Thomas from his drowsiness and dreams over on the island.

Old Solitary stopped in his ascent. He would have sworn it was the crack of Lone Heart's heavy rifle, and he knew he was seldom at fault in such things. But there was a bit of mystery about it. Either the rifle had fallen into the hands of the Indians under the ledge in the canoe, or else Lone Heart was not on the rock above!

For the first time the old trapper was in a dilemma. Hanging as it were between heaven and earth, and knowing not which way to go—whether up or down—to keep out of the clutches of an enemy, was the situation in which he found himself.

He gazed up and then down, but the shadows concealed every thing from view, and he was compelled to let his hearing decide his course. He listened intently. He could hear the soft rustle of a footstep on the cliff above, and below he could hear the quick dip of a paddle. Neither of these sounds, however, were sufficient to decide his course. He was satisfied that there were Indians below, and since he had heard that rifle report, the conviction flashed over him that there were Indians above. But he would have to go one way or the other, and that soon. His grip upon the slender rope was slowly relaxing.

Of the two dangers, he concluded to choose what he believed would be the lesser, and so continued his ascent. His head soon appeared above the rock; his shoulders followed. But now he hesitated. An agony of suspense seized upon him. He strained his eyes through the gloom. He saw a number of shadows dart out from the darkness. He heard the rush of panther-like feet. He felt a dozen hands grasp him, he felt a noose encircle his form, and the next instant he was lying upon the peninsula a helpless prisoner.

CHAPTER XIV.

VANISHED IN THE AIR.

The forest became hideous with the demoniac yells of savage triumph when it was announced that Old Solitary, the Hermit Trapper, was a prisoner. The announcement was first made by his captors, and as their cries ran through the woods and over the lake, they were taken up and echoed by savages under the ledge, savages in the forest, savages on the lake, savages everywhere.

In a few minutes the peninsula was literally swarming with Indians. More than a hundred fierce, vindictive warriors were crowding and jostling around the helpless trapper, eager to inflict a blow or taunt upon him. The presence of so many Sioux was evidence itself that another large party had followed Waucosta there that same day.

The old trapper was dragged to the little moonlit glade where Waucosta and Roland Disbrow had met a few hours previous. Here the moonbeams enabled the savages to look upon their captive foe. But this light was insufficient to throw the expression of the trapper's face, for thereon did they expect to read the shame of his defeat, and the magnitude of his fears. So several small fires were lighted on the outer circle of the glade, and as they grew larger and the flames leaped out, sending their red beams of light into the darkness around, it revealed to the old trapper's eyes a sea of dusky, half-naked forms seething and writhing about him, their faces fierce with indignation and malignant scowls. But he met their sinister glances with a firm, unwavering gaze.

This bold defiance increased the revengeful fury of the savages, and they endeavored by many cruel blows and kicks, to force from him some word of fear; but they failed repeatedly, and finally subsided into silent rage.

This, now, was the old trapper's moment to follow up the advantage he had gained

over the foe, and, in a cool, defiant tone he said:

"You blasted red imps, why don't you go on with your infernal bellerin'! You needn't stop on my account. I've hearn sneakin' coyotes snarl and snap afore."

The old trapper was bound to a stake that had been driven in the ground near the center of the glade. His hands were fastened at his side by cords passing around his arms and body. His feet were tied so that he was enabled to make a short step, and given rope enough to enable him to move three or four yards in any direction from the stake. He stood erect when he spoke, his head bare, and the bosom of his hunting-shirt laying open, showing the strong, massive chest that was rising and falling under the emotions that were surging like an internal fire within. As he concluded his defiant remarks, a savage pushed his way through the throng and confronted him.

It was Waucosta. He assumed an attitude intended to inspire the old trapper with awe of his august presence. But the captive still maintained his composure, and, much to the surprise and indignation of the chief, he said:

"Wal, now, ole blatherskite, what have you to cackle?"

"The Hermit trapper's words are bold, but his heart is wild with fear."

"The dence you say! That's curious, now, ain't it?"

"Let the Hermit Trapper beware. He is talking to Waucosta, the Sioux chief."

"Indeed! Then you're the dog of that old rascal Black Buffalo, eh? Wal, you're a fine-looking cur, Waucussy."

"The Hermit Trapper is an old fool."

"Sneakin' dogs bark when their masters has treed the bear."

"The pale-face compares himself to a bear, but it took himself and several friends to defeat Great Wolf."

"That's an impertinent lie, Waucussy. I licked that bound pup, Great Wolf, myself, and let the daylight outen his friend. I can rub a dozen of your skunks into a grease-spot in a jiffy, any time."

At this juncture there was a slight commotion among the savages on one side, and the next moment Great Wolf pushed his way through the crowd and confronted Old Solitary.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the old trapper, "tickle my scalp, Injin, if you ain't got an ugly countenance. Your eyes are a leetle bunged. You must—"

"The Hermit Trapper can sing his death-song," said Great Wolf, "and not idle words."

"Oh, yes! I remember you now. You're the chick I licked over at the cabin. But, Injin, we know it was a fair fight, now weren't it, say?"

"Did the Hermit Trapper fight Great Wolf alone?" asked Waucosta.

"You bet I did, Waucussy. I wouldn't want help to wallop such an ole, lubberly cuss as Great Wolf."

"Is this true, Great Wolf? Did you not say that the Hermit Trapper and his friends beat you?"

"I did. The Trapper Hermit lies."

There was a sudden heaving of the trapper's great chest, a flash of the eyes and a convulsive movement of the whole body. The bonds that bound his arms were snapped asunder by the one mighty effort, and with one well-directed blow he felled Great Wolf to the earth.

"How's that for a rejoinder, my fine bird?" the old trapper exclaimed.

Great Wolf, indignant with rage, sprung to his feet and shot toward the trapper, only to go down beneath another blow.

By this time the other savages, fearing the old trapper might escape, began closing in upon him. But the demon had been aroused, and the old trapper's heart, and he replied his sledge-hammer blows in the faces of the savages with such telling effect, that, for awhile, he held them at bay. But he was finally overpowered, borne to the earth and rebound.

A short consultation was now held to make some disposition of the old trapper. Waucosta favored his immediate execution. Others were in favor of taking him to Black Buffalo, but the odds were against the latter proposition, Great Wolf included in the number, and so the immediate execution of the captive was decided on.

This settled the mode of execution was next discussed; but in this there arose a difference of opinions from which neither party would yield, and after a warm discussion, it was decided to allow Great Wolf to fix the manner of the old trapper's torture.

They had an object in this: smarting, as the giant savage was, with the pale-face's blows, they knew he would have no mercy in his selection from the catalogue of Indian tortures.

Death at the stake, with some slight modifications of this ancient mode of torture, was the fate that the savage giant fixed upon for the hated foe. In fact, his burning brain could invent nothing that would be more torturing than fire.

It required but a few minutes for fifty warriors to gather dry brush and twigs from the woods, and pile it in a circle about the old trapper. A space of about twenty feet in diameter was thus inclosed. The stake to which the old trapper was bound stood in the center of this circle, and before the fire was applied to the brush, the rope that bound him to the stake was lengthened out so that he could walk about over the whole of the inclosure.

The captive noticed all their preparations for his execution with unwavering glances. At times his bearded lips would curl slightly with derision, then again his bold gray eyes would snap and glow with a merry twinkling, as if in bold defiance to all his enemies' power.

Once, Great Wolf, who was watching the trapper narrowly for some sign of fear, caught his bearded face twitching with suppressed laughter, and said:

"Pain will soon make the face of the pale-face. When the red fires lick his cheeks, he will not laugh. He will beg for mercy, but the ears of the Sioux will be deaf to his cries."

"The dence you say! Ah, me, can't that be bad? But, see here, you bungled-eyed, bloated-faced varlet, afore I feel the flame lick my cheeks, your scalp shall hang at my girdle!"

The savages seemed awe-stricken by these words; or, not the words either, but the tone in which they were spoken, and the look that flashed in his eyes. But they soon recovered from their surprise and went on with their preparations for the torture.

At length all was in readiness, and the torch applied in a dozen places around the circle of brush.

The twigs were dry as tinder, and in a moment the whole space was encircled with

a red sheet of hissing, roaring, crackling flame.

Old Solitary stood within this fiery circle, still undaunted—his face wearing that same calm, defiant expression.

The savages formed in two circles around the fire. The inner circle was armed with tomahawks, and the outer circle with knives. They stood prepared to strike the foe down should the flame sever his bonds and he attempt to escape.

Higher and higher rose the flames about the trapper. His clothing began to smoke with the heat that was growing hotter and hotter within that red, roaring hoop of fire. Twenty feet above his head the heat created a kind of vacuum in the air into which the flames rushed, converging into an apex, and the whole mass of fire forming a huge pyramid of flame. And in the center of this still stood the dauntless trapper.

From the apex of this pyramid of flame, blue smoke and hissing sparks were whirled and shot upward into the air as though they had been vomited from the crater of a volcano.

It was a grand as well as a fearful spectacle. That roaring pile of flame and that double line of painted, demoniac faces peering into it, and rendered ghastly and spectral in the wavering light, was a scene that no pen can describe.

The flame concealed the form of the trapper from view, but they knew the air within that circle would soon become heated and burst into a flame. Then would the trapper's groans peal forth, mingled with the roar and crackle of the fire.

The moments passed by, and yet, to the surprise of the savages, no cry issued from the flames. The brush burned gradually out and the fire grew smaller. Here and there gaps were made in that red circle of flame and the savages enabled to see within the inclosure.

They started, and a cry of terror pealed from their lips. Mysterious awe was taken upon their painted faces.

They saw Old Solitary was gone! He was missing from the circle of fire.

No one had seen him leave, and in their superstitious hearts they believed he had vanished into the air, amid the smoke and flame. This, however, was impossible; but he was gone, and his absence was clothed in a profound mystery.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 147.)

Mohenesto: Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY.

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XXII.—Among the Banditti.—A Little Ruse.—Short Work and Bloody Work.—A Living Target.—The Forty-seventh Problem of Euclid.—Spanish Freemasons.—An Attempted Abduction.—A Little "Change"—After. Last Years.—The Young Don.—A Warm Reception.

I remained with Spencer until late in the afternoon of the following day, when we started for the hacienda of Don Guzman. We rode leisurely along, laughing and chatting, until when about half a mile from the hacienda there sprung from a clump of trees at the roadside six of the most villainous-looking men I ever saw. We were in rather a tight fix, with three armed men in front of us and the same number in the rear; their carbines cocked and ready at the first movement to send their leaden messengers through our bodies. The leader of the banditti was disguised by a black cloth covering the upper part of his face, but there was no disguising the snake-like glances of his eyes, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the wealthy young don who aspired to the hand of the fair Violette.

"Senior American," he said, "if you would like to live, turn and ride the other way, for if you are in this part of the country to-morrow morning I will hang you to the nearest tree."

I thought I would try a little ruse, and looking beyond his party I pretended to see my traveling companions, and said to him: "Si, senior, as soon as my friends get here I will go. He turned to see the men he supposed were coming, and at the same time I drew my revolver and plunging the sharp spurs into the sides of my horse, made a grand charge. The first jump my horse made he struck the leader of the banditti fair and square between the shoulders, knocking him prostrate and senseless upon his face, the concussion completely driving the breath from his body. At the same time I leaped over and gave the peon on my right such a blow upon the head with my revolver as to place him in the same position with his master.

I wheeled my horse and fired at the one on my left, but missed my mark; however, it had the effect to frighten him, and he took to his heels and ran for dear life. In the mean time my companion had not been idle, and when I had made my charge, he wheeled and fired at the foremost bandit, slightly wounding him in the shoulder. He dropped his gun and made for the brush, and his companions followed in his wake. We sent half a dozen shots after them by way of a parting gift, when I dismounted, and rolled the leader over, but the blood spewed from his mouth and nostrils, and life seemed extinct. I ran to a little stream near by, and returning with my hat full of water I dashed it in his face. He opened his eyes and gasped for breath, so removing his weapons I mounted my horse and we rode on toward the hacienda, well satisfied to get out of the scrape so easily.

We met my friends, accompanied by the don and his son, mounted and armed, who having heard the unusual firing, were coming out to discover the cause. I told them we had been shooting at a mark, but neglected to say that it had been a living one, and returning to the house was soon in the enjoyment of social intercourse. I managed to tell my companions how matters stood, when they advised an immediate start. I told them if they were afraid they had better go at once, but for myself I should not run away in the dark for any man in Mexico.

During the evening, while engaged in a game of chess with the old don, I observed him looking attentively at a Masonic badge pinned upon my vest. It was the Forty-seventh Problem of Euclid, and seeing that I observed him, he stopped playing and asked me if I could demonstrate the problem for him, remarking that he had never met an American Mason who could explain it. I was not yet a year out of school, and geometry had been my favorite study, so I had no trouble in elucidating the subject to

his satisfaction. He grasped my hand and gave me to know that I had met a brother. His son was also a member of the order, and leaving the chess-board I introduced him to my traveling companions who were Masons.

We were about bidding our friends good-night, when a piercing shriek was heard from the room occupied by the senorita. Instinctively I surmised the cause of this alarm, and followed by my friends I rushed out of doors, only to find myself surrounded by a score of "greasers," among whom I recognized some we had met in the afternoon. At the same time I saw their leader leap from the window of the senorita's room, holding her in his arms. I had my revolver in one hand, and drawing my bowie with the other, I soon opened a passage through the ranks of the bandits, and went after their leader.

I was not long in overtaking him, when he stopped and turned like a stag at bay, and holding the inanimate form of the young girl in front of him, drew a pistol and fired at me. The ball passed through my coat, just grazing my side, but I thought I would try another trick on him; so I dropped to the ground, and, as I expected, he turned and again started to run. I raised myself upon my elbow, and taking deliberate aim, fired, the ball hitting him in the back of the head, killing him almost instantly.

In the mean time my American friends had disposed of the "greasers" in a lively manner, and by the time I had raised the senorita in my arms and started for the house, they all gathered around me, inquiring if I was hurt. I told them I guessed not, but thought the gentleman out there on the grass must be, for he lay very quiet.

Both the don and his son were profuse in acknowledgements of thanks, but could not imagine who had attempted the abduction. Violette had recovered from her swoon, and taking her father by the arm, I led them to the spot where lay the body of the villain whom I had shot.

The bright, full moon made it almost as light as day, and they had no trouble in recognizing their wealthy neighbor—taking his last sleep, with a scowl of malignant hatred upon his swarthy face. We returned to the house, but none of us slept that night; and in the morning the proper officers were summoned from the pueblo, who, after hearing our testimony, removed the bodies of the "greasers" and their leader.

We remained in these very pleasant quarters nearly a week longer, and even then our kind host, as well as the son and daughter, used every argument to induce us to remain, but we had already been longer in this part of the country than we had intended, and were obliged to refuse.

The don even proposed that I should remain with him permanently as his son-in-law; and, I believe the senorita rather expected such a denouement; but I told them I had resolved upon a life of celibacy, and that it was impossible to consider the matter further at that time. I promised to visit them again, should my life be spared; but little did I think of the trials I was to meet in life; of the hardships I was to endure; of the many perils I was to pass through before we would meet again!

Twelve years—such years as few persons would care to live through—passed before I saw them again. The old don had gone from earth and its cares; the son had married, and the old hacienda now resounds with the joyous shouts and laughter of three merry-hearted children. The senorita had never married, but still remained in her old home, the "angel of the household."

When on my last visit to them, I rode up to the door and inquired of the peon who made his appearance who was the occupant of the hacienda. He told me Don Guzman and I dismounted and entered the open door without knocking. The family were all seated around the supper table, and the presence of a stranger so unceremoniously appearing among them, created no little surprise. The don was not forgetful of his courtesy, and when he rose to give me a seat, I offered my hand. He did not recognize me, and, drawing his splendid form to its full height, he said, with rather an ugly sparkle in his eyes: "Senior American forgets that we are strangers." I smiled, at which he showed surprise, but I said: "If Don Gomez does not remember me, perhaps his sister will?" She looked at me for a moment; then, springing forward, she joyfully exclaimed: "Yes, I know you."

I could not resist the impulse, but took the kiss, so temptingly offered, and the don was more than ever surprised when I saluted his sister in the Christian fashion.

When he learned who I was, he was as cordial in his reception as his sister had been, and I was soon at home among them.

Violette had changed but little, and that change had only improved her former magnificent personelle. I found she had not forgotten her old friend, notwithstanding I had changed from a rather stylish, slender young man to a rough, bronzed and toil-worn mountain trapper.

Some day, perhaps, the spirit of restlessness, which for so many years has made me a wanderer, will pass away. If such a time should ever come, I hope to settle for life in the Aztec valley of the Rio Gila River!

THE END.

The Bay of San Francisco, one of the most magnificent sheets of water in the world, is sixty miles long, ten miles wide, and the mouth of the bay on the same parallel as the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. The coast in the vicinity is skirted by a range of lofty hills comparatively destitute of foliage upon their surface. The mouth of the bay, Golden Gate, of which Fort Point and North Head are the pillars, is a mile wide, thirty feet deep, and immediately spreads into a broad and beautiful sheet of inland water, which, with San Pablo and Suisun Bays and their connecting straits, is large enough to harbor all the navies of the world. The bay is studded with islands—Angel Island, Alcatraz, Yerba Buena, Red Rock, The Brothers, The Sisters and Mare Island. Alcatraz is the main fortification of the city, and Mare Island is the seat of the navy yard. The bay is bordered by large tracts of tule or marsh, also by extensive tracts of arable lands. The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, with their tributaries, pour a large volume of water into the bay and afford facilities for inland navigation. Scores of steamers plow these inland waters, and hundreds of sloops and schooners—those white-winged birds of the bay—fit to and fro carrying the comforts and luxuries of life inland, and return with the treasures of the mountains and valleys.

HEART-DISEASE.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"What shall I give you?" Margaret said. "That you may not forget me quite? See, here's a heart's-ease; or, instead, Would you prefer a flower of white?"

"Nay, heart's-ease is the thing I need," I answered, looking in her eyes. "My heart must throb, and beat, and bleed, Until I find some remedies."

"So bad as that? I never knew! This flower that we have named heart's-ease Is not the remedy you need. 'Twill not avail in heart-disease."

"I know a remedy," I said, "I only need another heart; You often in old books have read That every part will cure a part."

"So give me, Margaret, the heart That in my heart first caused the pain, And that shall end each restless smart— Your heart will make mine well again."

"But, that I can not do," she said; "I have no heart to give away!" "No heart?" "Ah, no," she answered, "It has been yours this many a day!"

The Murderer's Fate.

BY MARK WILTON.

JUNE, 1758. Major Rogers of the Rangers was seated in a private room at Fort Edward, drawing a rough map of the country around the stronghold. The door opened and a private entered.

"Well, Biggs, what is wanted?" questioned the major.

"Flying Arrow wishes to see you, sir," replied the man.

Rogers' brow clouded, but he gave the order to have the person admitted. Well did the officer know the man. An Oneida warrior—as noble as the red-men sometimes were before the demoralizing effects of civilization had lowered them to the level of the proud white-skin—he had ever been the fast friend of the English. His wife, Red Fawn, had been one of the most beautiful women of the nation; and being a favorite of the wives of the British officers had received from them many valuable presents.

But a week before, while Flying Arrow was absent, she had been brutally murdered, evidently to obtain her jewels.

The murderer had left no sign behind him and the authorities were at fault; but now the Oneida had returned and stout-hearted Rogers dreaded the interview.

Soon the red-man entered; a warrior in the prime of life, straight as the mountain-ash, but lithe as the panther. No trace of emotion appeared on his face, except that it was far sterner than usual.

"Welcome, Flying Arrow; I am glad to see you," said Rogers, arising, and extending his hand.

But the Oneida drew back and folded his arms over his massive chest. "No, white chief," he said, gravely, "Flying Arrow has sworn to take the hand of no man until the blood of the Red Fawn, which cries aloud from the grave, has been avenged. White chief, know you why the Oneida is here?"

"You seek vengeance," replied Rogers.

"It is just, and in this I will help you to the extent of my power."

"It is well. Bring forth the murderer!"

"What! is he here?" cried the major, in surprise.

For answer the red-skin drew from his hunting-shirt a strip of bark, on which were traced sundry characters.

"What is this?" asked Rogers.

"Such were the footprints left by the murderer of Red Fawn. Stained with blood the tracks led away to the river-bank. Their maker is in Fort Edward!"

"Who is he?"

"Assemble your men, white chief, and we can tell."

Rogers opened the door and calling Biggs bade him request Captain Bulkley and Captains John and William Stark to draw up their men for inspection.

"If you wish to look among the regulars you must, of course, go to Colonel Haviland," he said to Flying Arrow, after Biggs had departed.

The Oneida nodded; and the two remained silent until, a few minutes later, they went outside the fort where the men were drawn up in line.

Rogers at once addressed them:

"Men," said he, "I see by your looks that you understand the object of this gathering."

The wife of Flying Arrow has been brutally murdered, and he is here to look for the assassin, whose footprints he has marked on a piece of bark, and who can be easily identified by this means. I now request you all to submit to a search, and—"

"Behold the white dog!" interrupted the Indian, pointing an accusing finger at a fellow named Hodge, whom he had seen quail before his stern glance, when Rogers spoke of the betraying footprints.

The Rangers were mostly hardy, honest fellows, but among their number were some whom Rogers would gladly have parted with. But as long as no crime could be traced to them, and they remained true to the English, he was obliged to endure their presence.

Among these was the man Hodge, and the leader at once ordered his heavy shoes to be compared with the bark-characters.

Then it became plain to every one there that Hodge was the criminal; but this he stoutly denied until Flying Arrow produced a bloody knife which was known to be his. Then he silently admitted the crime, but swore the Rangers would not see him injured for killing an "Injun squaw."

Here he found himself mistaken; and, thoroughly frightened, produced the stolen jewels, confessed his crime, and demanded his liberty. But Major Rogers was not the man to pardon a murderer, and sternly declared he should be hung after a proper trial.

Reading his doom in the stern faces around him, the ruffian broke through the crowd and sprang away like a deer. A dozen rifles were leveled at him, but the Arrow struck them up, resolved to slay the murderer with his own hand. Away sped Hodge, but, rapidly gaining, Flying Arrow pressed in his rear.

Death seemed a pleasure compared with falling into the Indian's hands, and dashing to a precipice, he flung himself over, landing at the bottom, a shapeless mass of flesh.

For a moment Flying Arrow gazed sternly over; then, with a weary sigh, turned and plunged into the forest.

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1873.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS: One copy, four months \$1.00; one year \$2.00. In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—A St. Louis reader writes as follows: "The call for the republication of 'Wolf Demon' seems to be general. I ask for it, not for myself, for I have read it; but because thousands of others wish for it, and I want to see others enjoy themselves as I enjoyed myself in reading it."

Our BEAT TIME says: "When I was young I was very careful of my MSS. I would write an article over ten times and put it by for one year; then I would take it out again and rewrite it seven times, and lay it away for six months; then I would write it over again and send it to the editor, fearing then that he would not accept it—and he never did."

—A friend, who evidently reads all the papers, says: "Oll Coomes has truly made a great hit, even among the Bohemians, for his 'Death Notch' is now published by the Pokrok Tatpadee, in Omaha." Pray what is that? Sioux, Norse, Blatter Dutch, or Omaha best society talk?

—Apropos of the new volume by Adams, Victor & Co., New York, viz.: "Livingstone and his African Explorations," we may state that the great explorer came of very humble origin. He was born at Blaney Works, near the town of Hamilton, and within nine miles of the city of Glasgow, county of Lanark, Scotland, in 1815. When a boy he worked as a piecer in a cotton factory. The piecer's duties are to follow the spinning jenny and piece or mend any threads that may be broken. Ere he had attained his nineteenth year he became a spinner, but being of an inquiring turn of mind, he managed to attend a series of lectures at the University of Glasgow, and there was seized with a desire to emigrate to China as a missionary. Distinctions then speaking out in that country caused him to forego his intentions, but in 1840 he proceeded to Cape Town, South Africa, where he resided in his missionary capacity for several years. Since 1849 his career has been one succession of useful journeys and explorations in the cause of science. His last six years' adventures, explorations and discoveries are told in the book above named. All book-dealers have it.

About Ourselves.—So many neat compliments are showered upon the SATURDAY JOURNAL, by correspondents that it is wholly impossible to quote their good opinions. But as they are interesting, in a material sense, for they indicate the drift of popular taste. When, for instance, J. W., of Newark, says: "I read it with more pleasure and profit than any other paper," and at least one half of all the other correspondents use nearly the same terms, we know of a certainty that they—evidently being intelligent persons—express what is true of the JOURNAL, and it increases our confidence in the ideas we have adopted regarding what is best in a popular paper.

Very often correspondents, delighted with certain stories, write to express their admiration; as, for instance, W. E., of New York, says of "Double Death": "It is the very best story of the American Revolution I have ever had the pleasure of reading," and very naturally asks for "more of the same sort." A number of notes like this is a good indicator of the special interest an author excites, and serves to remind us that another of the "same sort" ought to go into the schedule.

"Law Students," writing from Baltimore, grow enthusiastic over their SATURDAY JOURNAL, saying, among other things: "We can not fail to express our high appreciation of the admirable serials published in your pages." Your Indian writer, Oll Coomes, rivals Emerson Bennett in his best days, now long since past. "Death Notch" is one of the finest Indian tales we ever read. We are subscribers to four other leading popular weeklies, and our preference is decidedly expressed every week for the JOURNAL. Your Correspondents' Column evinces so much ready knowledge that it is a great pleasure to us all." Now, we see in this a volunteer expression, not merely a compliment, but a finger-board pointing in the right direction. If a bevy of law students lighten their serious labors by reading the popular papers, and find most delight in the matter which we place before them, we have a pretty fair proof of the class and kind of paper that is most desired by those who need to be mentally entertained.

M. F. F., of Cincinnati, approaches us with this wish: "I like the SATURDAY JOURNAL so much, that I wish it were published three or four times a week. If think it is about the best paper in the United States." If M. F. F. only knew the care, labor and responsibility which are entailed in getting out one issue per week, he would, in compassion for editors and printers, "let up" on us. Once a week is a feast—three a week might be a surfeit of good things.

A CHAT.

Just after they had that little singing affair, in Boston, last summer, some highly-complimentary critic had the politeness to remark that the female choristers were rather plain looking, and went on to say they resembled a "pack of country school-marms."

Now, wasn't he a perfect gentleman—don't his good-breeding and admiration for the fair sex show itself in the remark he made? Between you and I, I wouldn't wonder but one of those very same school-

marms had the rare good sense to give him the mitten, once upon a time, and, like a foolish fellow, he vents his spleen on the entire craft.

It is a gross libel on these toilers in the interest of education to style them "home-ly," or "ill-looking." They are not any thing of the kind—Tom tells me to add, "bless their rosy cheeks and bright eyes!" but I don't know as he is really in earnest—and I can prove it, too. Do you suppose these big, strapping, overgrown fellows would be so anxious to go to the "destrick" school, if the teacher wasn't both sensible and pleasing? In their estimation, knowledge is a secondary consideration to beauty, yet they'll study harder to please that teacher, because she will smile so sweetly when lessons are all perfect, and a real lady's smile will go a great way with the roughest sex. A true "school-marm" is almost infallibly a true lady.

City people seem to have strange ideas concerning the teachers of a country school, and 'tis about time they were brought to their senses in that respect. Our country school-marms do not believe in carrying a sour countenance into their schools and making the scholars compare them to some weeping willow; she believes in being kind and good-natured, and she is not above joining in the games and amusements of her pupils out of school-hours—a thing I have rarely ever seen a city teacher do.

Then, you see, the young fellows prevent them from being school-marms long, long enough to make school-teaching mar their beauty, for they generally ask them to share their hearts and homes, which of course they consent to do—and I don't blame them one bit, either; do you?

It always seems most remarkable to me that, when a man wants to cast a slur on the honor of our sex, he always calls us "home-ly." Now, let me tell you, gentlemen, beauty of face is not all that is needed in a woman to make her beloved; there is such a thing as purity of heart; the loveliness of a face may pass away, but the goodness of a heart rarely dies.

When the soldier lies in the hospital on his sick-bed, do you suppose he thinks less of his gentle-hearted nurse because her features are plain, or that her hand would be softer if his owner were favored with a handsome face?

There's something to me really inspiring in the pressure of a woman's hand, even if it is coarse and hardened, for it proves to me that it belongs to one who has worked and labored, one who has not sat idly down and let others do the work the Lord had given her to do. Is she ashamed of her hand? No, indeed, not she! She is, as she ought to be, proud to have it in her power to labor and win her battles for herself and those dear to her.

Now, girls, if you want to please the young man whom you one day expect to call husband, don't think he is going to wed you for your pretty face or flowing curls. If you'd spend more time in the cultivation of your good domestic qualities than you do in frizzing up your hair, it would please him far better, and he'd think you far more suited to be a good and noble wife—that is, if he is the right kind of a person. He wants sense, not show.

You perceive, girls, I have a brother Tom, and I judge a good deal of some men's thoughts by his remarks. Men like to flirt with and be about pretty butterfly creatures, but they are not the sort of persons they want for the heads of their houses, and we can't blame them for it, can we?

I have not the least objection to your being beautiful in face, if you'll be just as beautiful at heart; but, for the honor of our sex, I want the sons of Adam to perceive that it isn't the lovely countenance we desire to be thought so much of as it is the true nobility of the soul.

EVE LAWLESS.

PAPAS.

An article in your paper, entitled "Mothers," came under my observation recently, and with the presumed consent of the fair writer, I am constrained to reply that there is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men," namely, that of constantly condemning the mother of the present day. The "Fashionable mamma with a dwarfed mind and feeble body," I concede, a pitiable object; but let me ask, are there not fashionable and careless papas?

There are very many fathers who can scarcely tolerate the prattle, the play, the noise of their children longer than a few moments at a time—hence the mother's injunction, to "be quiet," when time warns her of her lord's approach. Tip-toe it, little ones, "pa is so tired; he does not want to be disturbed; better go to your ma"—perfectly oblivious of the fact that she already has countless duties, and may sink under the weight of her maternal cares. She becomes fatigued too, following all day the same humdrum routine, and would appreciate immensely any effort to relieve her, especially if that effort were put forth by her husband.

Has the father no responsibility at all? Does every thing concerning the training of that soul depend upon the mother? If so, where is the proud boast that he is the head of the family? He is assuredly an impotent head, who exempts himself from duty, and throws the burden on the mother, whom he calls the weaker. Shades of the Patriarchs avenge me, if ever I forgive such gross dereliction.

In the sacrament of Holy Baptism, do not the parents jointly assume the vows for the child? Why ignore that, and endeavor to teach that it is only necessary for the mother to "live a godly, righteous, and sober life," and that it is her prerogative to "bring up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?"

Many an evening is whiled away at some Delmonico's, the club-room, or places of innocent (?) amusement, all-unmindful of those at home, who often verily languish for paternal companionship.

Disipated, reckless fathers create a counter-current against which it is extremely difficult to steer such a frail bark as woman's, and her promises made at the altar are often unfulfilled, because the opposing element is too strong. Naturally a son thinks what a father says and does is right—even if that father's conduct is questionable—how unjust to expect a mother to unteach what is daily taught wrong!

Food and raiment are prepared for the tentment of the body, while the tenant, the soul, is totally neglected, and truly he who provides not proper Christian culture and example for his offspring, "has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

I believe "our country needs mothers," and I will have the temerity to add—fathers also. I contend, in order to train children according to the wise man's standard, the parents must co-operate. It is a noble work, and one that requires the skill and judicious management of both father and mother.

RUTH G.

Foolscap Papers.

My Newspaper.

A good while ago I started the "Sangamon Gammon," the best paper of its kind in the known world or the interior of Illinois. It was a rich paper, was that; it was all gammon, and of the purest kind, too; none of your dollar and a half papers; two dollars a year, invariably in advance, but somehow it was so far ahead of everything that it was always in advance of the two dollars.

It was a model paper, and so moral that the circuit riders always opened meeting by blowing their nose, and saying, "My wicked and perverse brethering and sistern, my text for this evening will be found in the first volume of the weekly Gammon, sixteenth number; terms, two dollars a year; which reads as follows," etc.

My editorials were always so plain and comprehensive that all the little three-months-old babies in town might be seen reading them with spectacles on.

If any of the citizens lost any thing, all they had to do was to send a little "lost" notice to the editor, and if he didn't have the article, it was printed and was sure to come the next day.

It was the only paper in the world that ever suited all advertisers, because I always put each man's advertisement at the head of the first column on the first page.

My marriage notices were always glowing and beautiful. People hurried to get married so as to read the notice; some of them got married four or five times. There wasn't an old bachelor or an old maid in the country.

And my obituary notices, they were so complimentary to the eminently respectable and highly virtuous people who joined the spiritual throng from Sangamon county, that people took to dying for the sake of having an obituary written, and would leave their request to "please forward copy."

My criminal locals were very tenderly written: for instance:

"Our learned and highly accomplished butcher, Wiggs, was put in what is vulgarly called the jail, yesterday. It appears that a country fellow entered his shop and proceeded to set his watch by a pair of dial-scales. Wiggs remonstrated with him. The fellow said Wiggs didn't know nothing. Wiggs told him that was to weigh meat on. Fellow remarked if that was what it was for it wasn't much, for when he weighed meat on it there was always a lie on the face of it."

"Mr. Wiggs pointed his pistol at him and only pulled the trigger; fellow was killed. Coroner's jury acquitted him this morning on the ground that he had no control of the bullet after it left the pistol. We hope Mr. Wiggs will subscribe for the Gammon, and live till we pay him what we are proud to owe him."

It was largely literary. I used to send a wagon over the country every month and gather up fresh-laid poetry in exchange for tinware and fine-combs.

My romances were more truly strange than strangely true; they need no further recommendation than that of a judge on the bench, in a murder trial: "Gentlemen of the jury, I can not hear your verdict until I see how this story turns out; here is a man who married his grandmother through mistake, and there are twenty-one other wives on his track, each armed with a marriage certificate and a Colt's revolver. He has jumped into the river and sunk fifty-four times. I must see how it ends."

My advertisements of sheriff's sales were such choice reading and so sentimental and pleasing, that there wasn't a man in the whole county that didn't hurry and have one.

I had all the latest dispatches—that were received in our town, for instance:

"New York, Oct. 2.

"Boss: Money's awful tight here. Send me money enough to get there, too. BILL."

"Bliggardsville, Ill.

"BILL: I'm short. Whisky's awful high. I'm there, too. Boss."

And others equally thrilling and heart-rending.

RULES OF THE EDITOR.

No communications received written on four sides of a sheet of paper, crossways, and interlined, and clawed up into a wad.

Poems purchased at the rate of four cents a pound; eulogies on the editor six cents.

No advertisements for runaway husbands received.

Editorial challenges must be accompanied by bottle of old Bourbon as evidence of writer's good faith. Right reserved to decline them.

Candidates' notices must be written in a running hand.

Notices of large fortunes in England, awaiting any of our citizens, charged extra; they are getting to be too frequent in this place and the credit business is suffering.

Delinquent subscribers will have the devil sent after them.

Tobaccoists take notice that a box of real Havanas will produce a good many puffs.

Persons who are watching around to cowhide the editor are requested to beware, for he will be certainly shoot for home.

Ads. five dollars per square; to make them more public we will put them in the public square.

People who try to get their names in our paper through the kerosene dodge of lighting kitchen fires on the angelic plan, won't succeed.

No farmer ought to do without this paper, even though he can't read, because it is one of the best papers in the world to the fall herbs in.

The editor will not be responsible for anything he may write on other people; that's played out.

Beefsteaks inserted by the editor in large cuts.

This paper is a quarto, beer-measure. When my elbows and toes began to come out faster than my paper did, I began to get hungry a week at a time, and communications began to flow in, polite but peremptory, and commencing, "Please, etc." I went to driving oxen in the country and got along—well, about as fast as the oxen did. You know how that was.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Dress.—The Promenades, Drives, Balls, and Dry-Goods Palaces of New York.—The Meanness of the Butterflies to the Bees.—Underbidding Poor Shop-girls—Some Strange Things Learned by Ball Reporters.

Dress! dress! dress! is the never-ending toil, the never-ceasing thought in the fashionable woman's world of New York. Well may we boast that New York women outdress all the women of the world. It is safe to say that there is no city in the world which affords such opportunities for the display of magnificent dresses as New York. There is not another such promenade for the exhibition of street-costume as our Broadway; no such drive in the world as our Fifth Avenue; no place where balls of such magnitude and magnificence are given as those in the Academy of Music, where three thousand spectators in full toilette look down from the boxes on two thousand more dancing on the immense oval floor which covers the stage and parquette on ball-nights. There is no city in the world that has such dry-goods palaces as we have, all devoted to the retail trade of fabrics for women's wear. In the largest of these palaces, a building which covers over two acres of ground, and has on its six floors, at least fifteen acres of dry-goods, a thousand clerks are employed to sell over a million dollars' worth of dry-goods every week, to fashionable women; for in this great monster dry-goods mart, the plainly-dressed Quakeress, the black-bonneted and habited Sister of Charity, the poor Irish laundress, or cook, or chambermaid, shop, side by side with the Flora McFlimseys, the Mrs. McShoddies, the old aristocratic remnants of New York Knickerbocker society, and a thousand latter-day butterflies of this gay city, who, like the lilies of the field, neither toil nor spin, but do nothing but dress themselves in such oceans of beautiful fabrics and costly jewels, that Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of them. How mean some of the subterfuges of women of more limited means are, to dress like these butterflies, it shames me through all my woman's nature to tell. Indeed, I can not tell all, the picture would be too sickening.

One of the meanest of these petty expedients to obtain the means of gratifying the ruling passion of the feminine heart, is that of taking in work to do "on the sly." Frequently the husbands of such women have not the remotest idea of what their wives are doing, and not for the world would they have their most intimate friends to know it. Why, Mrs. De Valcourt, or Mrs. Du Peyster would never invite them to their receptions if it were known. "But where is the harm, where the meanness?" you say. It consists in the underbidding of poor shop-girls for the work—for of course a woman whose husband can afford to pay her hotel or boarding-house bills, or house-rent and grocers' bills, can work for less than a poor girl who must depend on her unaided exertions for her support.

At one of our most fashionable dry-goods houses, I was once shown some beautiful embroidery on ladies' linen, at a very low price. It was so exquisitely fine, I at once said "This is imported, is it not?" "No, madame," said the head saleslady; "this work is done in Brooklyn, and by ladies whose names I am not at liberty to give; but you meet them every day in fashionable society, and see their names in the society papers. They take this work home and do it very cheap. Oh! yes, for a mere song. They do it to get their 'pin money,' they say, thus occupying their leisure hours. We used to have this work done, in former years, by poor Irish, or French girls in this city, or the surrounding cities, who had learned it in convents; but now they can not compete with the Brooklyn ladies, who can afford to do it so much cheaper."

"But, why this insane love of dress?" you inquire. I hope no gentleman will think me hard on the sterner sex when I say that it is in a great measure the fault of our young and older men. If Clarinda's toilette is the least outre or old-fashioned, or is a suspiciously cheap appearance—if she is not "got up" in a style beyond criticism from either sex, Eugene Francis Elderslin will never take her out a second time to the opera, or ball at the Academy, or to Mrs. Topknop's receptions, or to the Assinian Club's reunions.

Clarinda is young and susceptible; she aspires to the love of Eugene Francis, and she knows, perhaps, from experience that dress, as well as address, is necessary to win a gentleman's heart in this latter half of the nineteenth century—in the city of Gotham at least.

"Oh! but married women!" you say. "Surely they need not care so much to be arrayed in greater glory than Solomon." Shall I tell you that, for two years, I have attended the great balls at the Academy and various other fashionable parties, where I was invited, simply because I belonged to the society newspapers and the metropolitan press, and that I have had more than one married man call at my box, and taking me to his wife, introduce us, for the special purpose, named at the time, that I should report her dress, in detail, diamonds, laces, beauty and all, for the papers I represented? Not unfrequently the cost of the dress, laces, diamonds, etc., would all be given me on the lady's card.

Why, my dear uninitiated innocent, half the fast men in New York—brokers, bankers, merchants, hotel-keepers and theater managers—dress their wives and daughters as advertisements for their business. The splendor displayed by the female members of their families is evidence of their own commercial prosperity. The wife knows this as well as the husband, and adding that knowledge to the natural love of personal adornment, she struggles in every way she can to "keep up appearances," and outshine, or, at least, cut as great a shine as her acquaintances.

I could moralize and point out some of the causes and effects of this strange moral leprosy, which is growing up with our republican civilization, but my province is to relate facts, not to draw conclusions. My readers must do that for themselves.

EMILY VERDERY.

To turn, as do the multitude, an un-questioning eye upon Nature; to blunder along through a world to which we are strangers; to disparage the present of which we know little, and laud the future of which we know less, and fancy it religion, is not to live a soul's life but a vegetable's; and it may be safely asserted that those who find so much fault with the antechamber, will be discontented spirits in the hall.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. presented for future editors.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned upon stamps accompany the inclosures, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. The Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, bearing of such paper as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by us means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

To the following we must say no: "An Adventure," "Drunkness," "Boys no More," "A Boat Song," "The Dell Mystery," "Marcus Morton's Second Wife," "Annie's Dream," "A Story for New Year's Day," "The Good Angel," "Merry Christmas," "Major Dobbs' Niece," "Who gives Bread-Who gives Wine?" "The Three Gifts," "The Shawl Present," "Christians of Today," "A Picture," "The Wind," "The Toller," "A Giant's Race," "The MSS. by P. P. We can not report upon for two or three weeks. Our stock of serials is always ample, yet we are glad to welcome what is good. The batch of poems by Miss H. P. we shall have to return. While betraying considerable merit they are yet so unfinished as to make a rejection necessary. The writer must study the art of composition.

Will find room for "Two Fairies," "The Wife's Secret," "A Good Thing," "The Unlucky Partner," "John," "The Land-slide," "The Miner's Warning," "Capit's Choice," "The Three Minds," "The Belle's Choice," "A New Year's Raid," "Why not Now?" "Keep the Peace."

C. C. S. All recent numbers of this paper are in print. The great demand for some of the serials has exhausted the supply of several numbers. The true way to secure the paper regularly is to subscribe for it, or leave a standing order for it with your newsman.

We reject poem "The Wind" because of its imperfections of rhyme and rhythm. It would indeed puzzle a scholar to "scan" it. Such compositions require especial perfection.

C. D. There are several books on "Composition" all say they are the same. A good piece of grammar. Your only true course is to study grammar and then some of the text-books on Analysis and Composition. The latter are all trifles and are wholly worthless from this imperfection.

To numerous contributors, Christmas and New Year's stories to be available should have been sent in by Dec. 1st at latest. We necessarily return most of those sent in, as being too late for use, no matter what their merit. As our paper goes to press long in advance of its issue, contributors will see the necessity of "being up to the mark" where a special occasion or season is catered for.

MADAME G. G. We ought not to "advise" you. Consult some man of the law, if you can find one who will not bleed you. It is impossible to give a resort to law should be a last resort, for the public which it necessarily gives will be very disagreeable. Better settle with a lawyer, than to go through the ordeal of a trial for divorce.

"DEATH NOTCH." The authors named all are alive and most of them have work in hand for us. From front of them we already have serials in our safe, to be given in due time. We have not "returns" for the States named, to give the popular vote. See some of the political aims.—The circulation of the serials is very large. It extends to the most remote regions of our country.

LILLIAN.—The famous Banyan tree on the Nerubuddhi is said to have three hundred large roots, and is capable of sheltering three thousand men. Thus it forms one of the marvels of the vegetable world.

ALICE DANCY.—There is no special harm in your meeting your lover at a friend's house, but to advise you to receive him at your own home. Sur-reptitious meetings are never productive of good.

DONA M.—To make "Indian Tosts"—put two quarts of milk over a fire and boil it. If it is spoonful of flour to thicken it, a little salt, a small piece of butter, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Pour this mixture into a bowl and stir it. Indian bread already roasted, and serve hot.

BILL BROWN.—The price on letters varies according to weight; three cents is the charge on each half-ounce. This amount is in addition to the postage. It is only partially paid, then the post office officials charge the receiver of the letter double the proper rates, which, combined with what you have paid, makes triple postage. We advise you to send your letters on what postage is due; and the consequence is a great many manuscripts are irretrievably lost to the owner, and Uncle Sam is none the richer for his way of doing business. This construction of the law is, we think, an outrage, but where is the remedy?

L. NESTELL.—Should you wish to find out the true state of a lady's feelings in your behalf, you should ask permission to call and have an understanding. Tell her frankly of your feelings, and she will tell you the same. You can be quite sure of learning hers in return, for all true women respect candor and gentlemanliness in man.

CONTRIBUTOR.—A sure remedy for removing cockroaches is to make a thick batter of red lead and Indian meal, mixed with molasses; be careful not to have any food near by the poison.

IDA FORD.—Yucca elata, or Joshua tree, in 1817 by Hernandez Cordova. It extends north and south about two hundred and fifty miles and from east to west one hundred and eighty miles. It is in Yucatan that the most remarkable remains of ancient civilization are found.

BRISET.—To make muffins you will find one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, three cups of flour, half a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream-tar, and one of soda, an excellent recipe.

H. HARBOR.—The common cocoa or chocolate-nut tree is indigenous in South America, and is generally found at a height of six hundred to one thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is also found in the West Indies and the tropical parts of Asia and Africa. The Mexicans call the tree chocolate, and hence our word chocolate, for the drink made from the prepared or ground nut.

GILES DEVINE.—We think this is what you alluded to in your letter; one teacup contains about four fluid ounces, or a gill; a wine-glass contains about two fluid ounces; a tablespoon contains half a fluid ounce; a teaspoon contains a drachm. Sixty drops of water also make a teaspoonful, but as tea and tablespoons greatly differ in size, it is not safe to trust to them as a measure for medicines given in drops.

GASPER M.—The cod-fish yields each season something like three million, five hundred thousand eggs, and even eight million have been found in a single cod.

AMELIA J.—In order to realize why lace commands so high a price, one should understand how complicated is the making of it. Brussels lace is not only of exquisite beauty, but it is made in the dark underground rooms, where it is moist enough to prevent the threads from separating. On a piece of Valenciennes net, two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the wider lace, sometimes eight hundred on the same pillow.

MADREN ARMY.—Nothing is better to remove the after-effects of strong tea, than a small piece of lemon, either with or without sugar, according to taste.

HOTTER JOHN.—For bots in horses, drench the animal with half a pint of thin tar, which kills the bots instantly. One-half pint of whisky, one-half pint of gunpowder, one-half pint of molasses and one-half pint of cold water, if it is said, cure the worst case of the trouble.

SCHOOL-BOY.—In Venice, gondolas are the cars, cabs and stages of that place, no less than four thousand being used daily.

C. C. G.—Your assertion is correct. Some men have done real hard mental work while asleep. Confound finished a train of mental calculations in his sleep which had puzzled him all the day. Goethe did not compose "Kabla Khan" during his sleeping hours. It was one of his opium dreams, and being interrupted by the entrance of a friend he could never complete the poem.

KATR.—Black is the most genteel color for street wear, although many of the dark shades are considered very stylish.

SPYER.—Cloves are cultivated on the island of Amboyna, in Sumatra, Zanzibar and Bourbon, and they are the dried unexpanded buds of the clove tree. About two hundred thousand pounds are annually used in the United States.

Mrs. GURTRY.—Vermicelli is a dried pasta manufactured in Italy in the form of smooth round strings; the name has been given to it on account of its worm-like appearance. "Vermicelli" in Italian signifying "little worms."

MISS H. M. B.—If you can afford but three new dresses for your wedding, trousers, we would advise a wedding dress, an evening dress, and a costume for street wear—the latter handsome enough to make calls in.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

CHANGES.

BY N. H.

We are passing through a world of change,
Of air and light and dark night gloom;
On us the sun shines bright to-day;
Ah! now a mist obscures our way,
As we are called upon to lay
A dear friend in the tomb.

There are weddings many, and joys abound;
There are funerals, and griefs profound;
There are happy hearts and joys untold;
There are broken hearts and friends grown cold;
While peace is blessing a prosperous land,
War comes with its blood-stained hand.

Time is bearing us swiftly away;
Life's scenes are changing day by day;
We can not stay; we are borne along,
A smiling, weeping, restless throng,
We will reach the final goal ere long,
The gates of Eternal Day!

Iron and Gold:

OR,

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRES-
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "REBUKES, THE
HUNTERBACK," "PEARL OF TEARS,"
"THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WHISPER OF A SONG.

"I will hope—tho' all forsake me—
In His mercy to the last."
—Norton.

"Yet had we the power, oh! where is the bosom
Would thrust from its visions the dreams of the
past?"
—ELIZA COOK.

Mrs. Diggs made good her resolution to
be careful of the comfort of her new board-
er.

Zella's meals were sent up to her—a din-
ner of substantial fare, with delicate past-
ries; and in the afternoon the landlady
presented herself, with an hour or so of
leisure for conversation.

The young girl was deeply susceptible to
the many kindnesses Mrs. Diggs inaugurated;
she thanked her more than once for
those little attentions which she really
needed in her present frame of mind, and
which were being showered in abundance.

And, all along, good Mrs. Diggs was puzz-
ling her wits to find out something definite
of the pale, timid being in whom she felt so
great and growing an interest. But Zella
revealed nothing.

The afternoon passed away; and when
Mrs. Diggs withdrew, Zella had been
strengthened by the pleasantness, friend-
liness, and solicitous chat of her companion.

When evening came on, it found her again
seated at the window, looking vacantly out
at the stars that peeped forth slowly, one
by one—her thoughts flitting in a random
flood, though still, despite her efforts to the
contrary, filled with yearning for the man
she loved, and, at times, picturing him in
the weirdness of dreamful imagination.

On the mantelpiece was a vial from a near
drug store—the result of Doctor Onnor-
rann's visit; but it remained untouched. It
was not that kind of medicine which Zella
needed. Her body was not sick; but the
heart—the brain—torture was in both, a
disease which no physician, with all his
arts, could cure.

The stores were being lighted up; a bril-
liant glare fell on the pavement, the hum
of the busy city was dying out, and giving
place to that peculiar alternation of hush and
noise which marks a night-time with a sort
of solemn strangeness.

Zella's room was dark. The moments
were fleeting; yet the dreamer, with a soul
absorbed in melancholy, sat motionless and
silent—oblivious to everything save the
pain that reigned within her bosom.

She was more than ever beautiful at that
moment, with the fitful flashes from the
street below playing upon her pallid fea-
tures—her jetty hair curling round her
neck, and clustering in ringlets on her white
brow, and the two dark eyes glistening,
part with wet, part with that heavenly lus-
tre which, it would seem, all her weeping
and sadness could not dim.

Suddenly she started. There floated to
her hearing a soft strain of music—a guitar
and a voice in song.

The hand that touched the strings was a
master one, and the air it accompanied was
one of unusual sweetness.

Some poor wail, perhaps, without a home,
or friends, or food, was roaming through
the street, hoping to obtain a morsel as the
reward of her efforts on the instrument.

It could be but a child—the voice was
low and timid, yet seeming to glow with
pathos.

Zella listened. The words of the song
had struck her. It was as if the wanderer
strove to allay the misery of her own hope-
less spirit, while appealing to the heedless
throng.

And these were the words of the strain
that rose to the ear of the sorrowful lis-
tener:

"Think not life is smooth forever;
Tears are as apt as bliss—
All the sweets of earth were never
Wrought pure in their parent joys.
Glad smiles are the harbinger of love,
Frowns are the gulf of woe,
And both, ever present, will prove
Life is not without alloy.

"Oh! banish the cloud of sorrow,
Woo the bright glow of smiles—
Think of the peace of to-morrow,
And not of to-day with its trials.
Happiness dwells all around thee,
Come and gather thy share;
Forget that sorrow has bound thee,
And live in dreams that are fair."

When it ceased, Zella's eyes were full of
tears, and her heart went out in a double
pity for the child.

"Ah! girl!" she murmured, "you little
know that one like me has listened to you—
listened to words that are but a mockery.
Perhaps, yes, you are living a life that is all
glow, without one ray of love's sunbeam
to bring a smile to your young lips; but you
are not thereby one—not the only miserable
or unhappy—no, not the only one!"

The street-child had passed on; and a
bowed figure sat at the upper window, with
face buried in her hands, sobbing, sobbing,
under the influence of that song, whose
words and notes told of a life of woe.

It was nearly nine o'clock, when one of
the house-servants tapped at Zella's door.
"A lady to see you, Miss," was the an-
nouncement, as the girl looked searchingly
about the shadowy apartment.

"To see me?—a lady?" in surprise.

"Yes, Miss."

"I guess there must be some mistake—"
"No, Miss—she doesn't know your name;
she only said she wanted to see the young
lady who was sitting at the third-story win-
dow about noon to-day, and saw a baronche
go past. She said you'd remember if I told
you that. It must be you, for there's only
one other lady boarder, and she's on the sec-
ond floor."

Zella's heart gave a great throb. Who
could it be?

Mention of the baronche startled her.

While she was silent in amazement and
wonder, the girl asked:

"Will you come down, Miss?"

"No—I will receive her here," involun-
tarily, almost, yet prompted by a feeling
that she would prefer to see this visitor in
privacy.

And when the servant had departed, she
asked herself, while she hastened to light
the large globe lamp on the table.

"Who can it be? I—I scarce know why,
but—I feel very strange, just now. I am
very nervous. I dread something. Is any-
thing to happen? I must fight it off. I must
be calm. Who can it be?"

Her question was soon answered.

In a few moments the door opened, and
Ide Wyn entered. Before the corner had
taken half a dozen steps, she paused. Both
she and Zella only partially stifled an ex-
clamation of surprise, for each saw that the
other was a counterpart of herself!

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT WILL BE THE CONSEQUENCES?

What when the rude grasp of sorrow has bound us
To fates that are darkest and scenes that are cold,
If the clouds hover unending around us,
Like skies that in April have marred the day's
gold?

Feelings the saddest so often attended
With glooms that are deepest, like waves of the
sea.

Come never singly, but shadowful blended
Each one with the other, and will ever be.

AND this is what caused Doctor Theo-
philus Onnorann to exclaim aloud, the
spectacles to slip forward on his nose, his
small gray eyes to stare, his brows to knit,
and his skinny fingers to twine with a
crunch in the margin of the newspaper, like
so many tiny serpents weaving, twisting
and wriggling themselves around a hated
tissue:

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE BELLEFONTAINE.—
Just as we are going to press our reporter
brings us word of the sudden and mysterious
death of a Mr. Kilbur Kearn, who lived some
distance beyond Bellefontaine Cemetery, and in
rather a retired spot. He was discovered this
morning by a neighbor—who accidentally called
—lying on the floor of his bedroom, with
pools of blood upon the carpet, his face fright-
fully distorted, and bearing every evidence of
having struggled hard before succumbing.

Whether there is foul play connected with the
affair, remains to be shown. At present we can
only surmise. The coroner was summoned
immediately. We hope to be able to treat the
suspicious subject more at length in our next
edition.

"The devil has turned a somersault," ex-
claimed Onnorann, as he rammed the pa-
per into his pocket, adjusted his spectacles,
and darted down the street toward a cab
that stood at the first corner.

Engaging the cab, and giving the driver
his orders, he seated himself inside, and was
presently being borne, at a rattling rate, to-
ward the country cottage.

And while he swayed from side to side,
and bumped up and down with the jolting
of the vehicle, he was thinking and mutter-
ing thus:

"Ha!—trouble. A bad job. I knew it—I
told him he'd die in a wink; it's heart dis-
ease. I told him he hadn't any time for
fooling; so, split my knee-cap! he's 'gone
up.' Now, he's dead. Ha! a bad fix—a
mess. More mystery; Zella away from
home; her father dies suddenly; must have
happened last night, too. What's the mean-
ing of that? My present plans are flatly
demolished. The thing is in my own hand.
I must work alone. No Kearn, now, to
force to aid me—no. Must secure the pret-
ty orphan, unaided. Kearn's will?—I'll
look after that. Eh?—not so bad. Wait.
We'll see. Ha, now! I'll strike a 'vein'
out there—you rascal on the box! where's
your whip?—faster! A snail's pace, this.
Go on!"

Crack! went the whip, and the horses,
startling and chafing, near broke into a run.
The cab flew on with its excited occupant.

For Onnorann had lost much of his
wonted calmness.

He removed his spectacles several times,
each time giving them a rub; he took off
his hat, put it on again; smoothed his chin,
then his nose—looked out the window and
down at the carpeting, and all the while
muttered and mumbled inaudibly, twitching
his fingers, screwing up his mouth, biting
his nails, finally settling himself back, with
a nervous sigh, to re-peruse the paragraph
of importance in the newspaper.

But, when he reached the scene of death,
he was cool as a breath of spring, and en-
tered the house with an air of extraordinary
professional gravity—tossing, however, with
a gold toothpick, and darting keen covert
glances in every direction.

There had been quite a number of people
present; but these the undertaker had dis-
persed—he having come at the call of a
neighbor, and, in the absence of any mem-
ber of the family, assuming temporary au-
thority. He, and two others, including a
reporter from one of the St. Louis dailies,
were the only ones then on the spot.

The neighbor who had given the alarm
was one of the two men who kept the un-
dertaker company. He knew that Onnor-
ann was Kearn's physician—or judged so,
by having seen him there frequently and
knowing his profession.

Onnorann and the undertaker were at
once introduced—the latter a man very like
the physician, save that he was much small-
er, much thinner, with a squeaky voice and
large, pale eyes.

"What about the corner?" asked Onnor-
ann, as the two retired to an inner room.

"Been here. Verdict: heart disease, and
hemorrhage simultaneously."

"Sensible," making his toothpick snap
at a motion of the thumb.

"Sensible!"

"I knew it."

"You knew it?"

A pause.

"Bury him to-morrow, I believe," said
the man of coffins, presently, with a snuffle
and a jerky sigh.

"Sensible again."

"Sensible again?"

"Serve him right."

"Serve him right?"

"Better under ground than on top, you
know."

Onnorann winked. The undertaker
nodded.

"Where is his daughter?" inquired the
physician—a sort of feeler.

"Daughter?" starting.

"Been here yet?"

"Guess not."

"Strange."

"Very. I didn't know he had any
daughter."

"He has."

"Yes—of course."

Another pause. Then the furnisher of
ice-boxes:

"Um! Is she aware—"

"Not a bit."

"Where is she?"

"In the city."

"Um!"

"Are you going back to the city before
night?"

"I have to. It's late now."

"So much the better."

"So much the better?"

"You can advise Miss Kearn of what
has happened."

"Oh—yes, certainly, of course."

"Here is her address. When you ap-
prise her of the sad occurrence, it would
be as well to hasten her out here, at once."

"I'll see to it myself," said the diminutive
personage, pocketing the card Onnor-
ann gave him, which bore the name of the
street and number of the house where Zella
was stopping.

Then the doctor said:

"You may present your bill to me, for
the expenses of this affair."

"Yes—certainly—thank you."

"As I am the family physician, and am
well posted in regard to Mr. Kearn's pri-
vate affairs, I will assume the management
and responsibility, at least for the pres-
ent."

"Of course—very proper."

"You may go to town as soon as you
please—as I said, the sooner the better. I
would like Miss Kearn to cor—"

"Immediately."

"Yes."

"I will take charge."

"Very good. Ahem! good-day, then.
I'll be off."

"Good-day."

The undertaker glided away, and, sum-
moning his assistants, who were outside,
drove off in his wagon. The reporter ac-
companied him, having secured all possible
"light" on the circumstances of the occa-
sion.

Onnorann soon got rid of the friendly
neighbor, who seemed inclined to linger;
and when alone with the dead, the physi-
cian proceeded to close all the windows
and doors.

His narrow, skinny face wore a peculiar
look; the small eyes in the green spec-
tacles were sparkling with an unusual bright-
ness.

Having made all secure against intrusion,
he paused to take a brief survey of the
corpse in the ice-box, and then, with a
strange smile turning the corners of his
mouth, he moved toward the stairway
leading to the second story.

As he went, he whispered, ascending
on tiptoe—as if he feared that even the
dead man might catch the sound of his
suspicious movements.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEULA'S SECRET.

"Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence commit."
—HANNAH F. GOULD.

WE return to Dan Cassar, who sat silent
and awed in the room which was the prison
of the blind quadroom.

She brought a chair close, and, seating
herself, leaned forward to grasp his cold
sleeve with her fleshless fingers.

The giant recoiled, slightly, as he felt
the long nails almost penetrating to his
arm.

"Just hold on, now," he said; "take
your hand off of my sleeve."

"She gripped."

"You are not afraid of me?—not afraid
of old Beula?"

"I ain't afeerd of nothin' 'at crawls,
walks, stands, or gouges, I ain't; but—just
take your hand off."

"I want to tell you something," whis-
pered she, removing the grip that was dis-
agreeable to him.

"Well, let's have it."

"You remember that night, Dan Cassar—
long ago?"

"Kinner. You mean when you brought
me that 'ere young 'un?"

"Yes."

"It was a night 'at people don't forget in
a hurry, it was."

"The lightning danced in the skies, like
snakes of fire; and the thunders roared
and belched like cannon; and the rivers of
the clouds poured down—eh? It was a
sight."

"Remember," broke in the giant, reflect-
ively.

"I had eyes then, Dan Cassar—they
were bright and flashing—the envy of
many a white belle who knew me. Those
eyes guided me through the darkness of
that stormy night, till I came to your
frame shanty."

"You ken to my frame shanty?"

"Beneath my cloak, I carried a baby girl.
It was then six months old."

"But, I remember that 'ere well enough."

"But, I want to tell you that child
was," she said, quickly, and again catching
him by the sleeve.

"No?" he exclaimed. "Why, you said
'at you didn't know who it was, when I asked
about it?"

"I know I did, Dan Cassar—I know I
did. But, I lied. I was doing that thing
for money. I stole the child from its pa-
rents, to satisfy the hate of a man who paid
me well for my part."

Cassar was gazing intently into the blind
face, and he listened rapidly.

"Are you sure we're alone, Dan? Look
around—I can't see."

"Yes. Go on. 'Bout this 'ere gal?"

"Listen, then. There was once a beauti-
ful woman living in St. Louis—I'll be brief
at it—who was loved by Onnorann, the
doctor. She was the only woman he ever
loved; but he could not win her for his
wife. She married a man named Calvert
Mandor."

"Calvert Mandor?"

"The wedded couple had a child, whom
they called Zella. Onnorann was always
Mandor's enemy; and when he saw his ri-
val's success, he determined to put him
out of the way."

"Put 'im out of the way?"

"He resolved to have his life."

"Yes."

"There was, at a certain lively-stable, a
horse nearly as wild as any untamed steed
of the prairie—no one could manage him.

One afternoon, Onnorann, who, to further
his plans, always added the part of a friend,
proposed a ride on horseback."

"On horseback?"

"Mandor was a great horseman. His
skill was famous. Through some mutual
acquaintances, Mandor was approached
with a bet that he dare not mount this very
horse. He was of a bold nature, and it did
not take much to persuade him."

"Yes."

"He rode the horse—rode to his death;
for he has never been heard of since.
That was just nineteen years ago."

"Ay," thought the giant; "I know what
became of Cal Mandor. I nursed 'im through
four years, while he was a crazy man. I did;
an' it's on'y been fifteen years since he was
'imself, an' began to hurt after his little
'un."

Then aloud:

"Jest go on, Beula."

"After Mandor was removed, Onnor-
ann, the doctor, tried for the widow's
hand. But, again, he failed. She never
liked him. And, to be rid of him, she mar-
ried Wilbur Kearn, before she took off her
mourning weeds."

"Marr'd Wilbur Kearn."

"The marriage took place in a far city,
and was not known here till some time af-
terward. One year after this second mar-
riage there was another child. Onnorann,
hating the pair, with all his devil nature,
was watching them. When this child was
six months old he hired me to steal it away
—and I brought it to you."

"Dro't it to me," repeated Dan, who was
thinking deeply.

"At the birth of this child—which was
called Olse—Wilbur Kearn's wife died. On
her death-bed she left considerable money
to her husband; and, she was so attached
to him, that she expressed a wish for Zella,
her first child, to be known under her step-
father's name. This was done—"

"It was done."

"Zella Mandor became Zella Kearn."

"Zella Mandor is Zella Kearn!" he ex-
claimed.

"She is—but she don't know about the
change."

"And she's Cal Mandor's daughter?"

"Yes."

"An' the child 'at you bro't to me, 'bout
seventeen years gone, is the daughter of
Wilbur Kearn?"

"Yes."

"O-h-o!" and Dan felt that he had gained
some valuable information.

"When I had stolen Olse Kearn," pur-
sued the quadroom, "I wanted Onnorann
to pay me more money, and I threatened to
tell 'at I had done."

"Told 'im you'd blab."

"He cast me into this room, and I've been
a prisoner ever since."

"How long?"

"Nearly seventeen years. But, wait!
Kearn knew that Onnorann was his enemy,
and went to him, the first thing, to ac-
cuse him with being a party to the theft of
the child. He came with stern and angry
words. But Onnorann laughed at him;
and he brought him up to this room, show-
ed me to him as the holder of the secret—
and I had to repeat a lesson which was
taught me, not to be forgotten, under a ter-
rible penalty."

"Why didn't Kearn bring down the po-
lice?"

"Because Onnorann swore, that, before
Kearn could do it, he'd kill me, and my se-
cret would die with me—he didn't know
what I had done with the child; but, knew
that I could find it, if need be. Hear,
though: whenever Kearn came before me,
I was to repeat these words:

"Once wedded, wife of two,
Child by each, and a child that's lost;
One who never father knew,
And one that's on life's billows tost.
Marry the first to him who tried
To win the widow whose first love died;
Then will the lost one be restored,
And balm on sorrow's wounds be poured."

They are 'words of fate!' He! he! he!"

Cochise scanned the other from head to foot, and observed:

"What do you see? Ugh!"

"Ich bin kommen to see Cochise," said Carl, coolly. "You bin him, hein?"

"Me Cochise," replied the Apache, proudly. "Great chief of the Apaches. All white men hide when see Cochise."

"But you don't get men genug to take away de rifles from de soldiers, hein?" said Carl. "You comes mit me, and I shows you how to catch dem, shoot so easy as tumble off a log."

"Who are you?" demanded Keche-ah-que-kono, the best English scholar of the party, very suspiciously.

"I bes a deserter from der army," said Carl, quietly. "I haf ein quarrel mit Major Morris, de vite chief over dere, und I kommen hier to show you how to take dem, guns and all, venefor you likes."

The chiefs looked from one to the other. Carl's dress was obviously military to a certain extent, as much so as that of most deserters. He rode a stout Government horse, in a McClellan saddle; but then he had no weapons, a suspicious circumstance.

"Where are your gun and pistols?" asked the Cheyenne chief. "Deserters have guns."

"Ich bin der cook," said Brinkerhoff, calmly. "Ve haf no guns, notings but deser messer."

And he pulled a huge cook's knife, a yard long, out of the knee of his boot.

"I cooks for de men and de officers; und I haf nice time till dem wants for to put mir on guard; den I kicks against him, und I takes mein horse, und I kalloos away like der teufel, till I kets into your camp."

"And when did you come away?" asked Keche.

"Yesterday, ven de fight pekin," said the German. "I don't got no lofe to fight, shentleman, und I rons ven de first fire begins. Bote I like de two leedle kirts rot vast in der camp mit de soldiers, und I wants to get dem for meinsel. So you bromise mir I habs dem, I shows you how you kets into der camp mit de soldiers, shoot so easy as notings."

"White man big fool," said Cochise, gruffly. "Squaws no good. What for want squaws? How can get into camp?"

"You gifes me de leedle kirts, und I shows you," said Carl.

"How know squaws here?" demanded Cochise.

"Yakop he tell me," said Carl, phlegmatically.

"Who is Yakop?" asked the chief.

"Mein leedle tog," answered Carl. "Yakop kommen zie hier, mein hund, und make a pow to der chief, like a leedle shentleman."

Yakop immediately rose up on his hind legs, walked forward, and made a very polite bow to the chief.

Cochise, who had never seen such a thing before, was wonderfully pleased at the sagacity of the animal, and involuntarily held out his hand.

"How do, brudder?" he said.

To his great delight Yakop extended his paw, and answered with a short "wuff."

Cochise laughed uproariously, and the other chiefs were greatly amused and delighted. It has often been remarked in Indian delegations that the comical tricks of pantomime please them much more than the most magnificent display of scenery, and learned animals take them captive at once.

So it was with Cochise and the other chiefs.

Lately suspicious as they were of the German, Yakop's performances seemed to break the ice at once, and remove all distrust.

"White man must stay with us and keep dog," said Keche, who had never seen such a thing even in his often-boasted Eastern tour. "White man shall be chief, and de made medicine-dog. Make him do more."

Accordingly Carl dismounted, nothing loth, and proceeded to put Yakop through a variety of tricks of various kinds, in the midst of a great circle of admiring Indians. The news of the white man and "the dog who was a great medicine" spread with lightning speed through all three camps, till the ring was closely packed all round with thousands of heads, and Carl and Yakop were the observed of all observers.

Then the German remarked to Cochise: "You ask me how I know leedle kirts in dieser camp. Yakop he tell me. Now you leds him go, und he vins very dey be, und gifes dem message, vofefor you please."

Cochise was half-incredulous, but delighted at the opportunity of seeing another trick. So he said:

"Tell little white squaws Cochise want dem."

"All recht answered the German. Then he called Yakop, and made a long speech to him in German, to which the dog listened attentively. He told him to hunt about till he found two white girls, and give them a letter, and Yakop answered "wuff."

"Say, mister shief," said Carl, in conclusion. "Yakop is a gut tog, bote de leedle kirts don't got no sense to understand him. Spose I writes vof leedle letter to dems, to tell dems you wants dems. Den he carry it to dems."

"Good," said Cochise, unsuspiciously; and Carl pulled out his pocket-book and wrote as follows on a blank leaf:

"Come with the bearer where he will lead you. Friends are near you, and we will try to rescue you. But show no surprise whatever you see."

A FRIEND.

"Ders, mein hund, you takes dat, und you prings back de leedle kirts," said Brinkerhoff, addressing the dog. "Now, mister shief, you vats leedle time, und you see dot Yakop do shoot as I say."

Yakop took the letter and trotted off in a circle, sniffing the ground.

Presently he struck off in a straight line for the Comanche camp, the crowd opening before him, and Cochise exclaimed:

"Good dog. White man great medicine. Dog go straight to squaws."

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE CAPTIVE GIRLS.

In the midst of the Comanche camp, reclining under a tree and twining their arms around each other, were two young girls, pale and miserable-looking, but very pretty. One was a brunette, the other a blonde, and yet no one would have hesitated to call them any thing but sisters.

They were the two unfortunate young ladies who had been taken captive the day before, owing to the sudden stampede of the two ambulance horses. In the same vehicle with them had been their mother, the wife of General Davis, (commander at Denver), and a single driver.

The latter had been shot dead before the horses started, and Mrs. Davis had been cut down and scalped before the eyes of the

striking girls, who had expected nothing else but to share the same fate. The Cheyenne chief, Keche-ah-que-kono, had galloped up just in time to save them from death or worse, and had carried them off, since which time they had been left comparatively alone under the tree, the Indians keeping at some distance from them.

The girls were listening to the frequent yells of delight that greeted Yakop's performances, and dreadingly wondering what it was all about.

"Oh! Blanche," said Clara Davis, the dark sister, shuddering; "whatever will become of us? Hark to those fearful monsters! Perhaps they are preparing for another attack on our friends. Is it not terrible to be left here, in sight of the very wagens that shelter our soldiers, and know that we are as helpless as if we lay in prison?"

"Let us trust in God, Clara," said Blanche, trying to put on an air of hopefulness. "He can not mean to kill us, or we should not have been left alive so long. Help may come yet. It is impossible that so many soldiers as were in our escort can be conquered by these wretches of Indians. You know how contemptuously the officers always spoke of them."

But they could not drive them off, Blanche said. "See, the wagens remain just as they run them into the corral, and you know how many horses were killed before ours ran away."

"I know it, Clara; but the Indians must have been beaten off, otherwise the wagens would have been burned before this; and they seem to be afraid to attack the soldiers again. There is no more firing."

Just at that moment they heard a great yelling, and the crowd of Indians parted in front of them. Out of the crowd came running a stout little cur dog, ugly and common-looking, who came galloping straight toward them, followed by his yelling admirers.

"Look, Clara, look!" said Blanche, eagerly. "There comes a dog, and no Indian's dog neither. He's coming here. What can it mean?"

Yakop bounded up, wagging his thick, stumpy tail, and laid a little white note in the girl's lap.

Then he gave three or four short barks, expressive of satisfaction, and sat gravely down in front of them, looking as important as a judge, awaiting the reading of the note.

The Indians in the rear had halted to watch the proceedings at a respectful distance, and a great chattering ensued among them.

Blanche opened the letter, and read it through twice. Then she handed it to her sister, and pressed her hand on her heart to still its excited pulsations.

"Did I not say God would protect us, Clara?" she whispered. "Some one is coming to our help. I knew they would."

"Who can it be?" murmured Clara, as she looked at the angular German hand in which the letter was written. "He tells us to follow the bearer, and to show no surprise whatever we see. What can it mean?"

They were interrupted by a short "wuff" from Yakop, who had risen, and was looking back as if inviting them to follow him.

"What a queer dog!" said Clara, innocently. "Are we really to follow him?"

"Wuff," said Yakop, emphatically; and he went off two steps and looked back.

"He really seems to understand," said Blanche. "This is a strange thing. A dog brings us a letter telling us to follow him, and he seems to understand all about it too."

Again Yakop barked impatiently, and the girls rose to their feet.

Heardly Yakop began frisking and gambolling to express his delight, and set off at a slow trot toward the Indians.

"Oh! Blanche. Are you not afraid to go?" said Clara, apprehensively, as she noted the hideous war-paint of the braves.

"As much as you," answered sensible Blanche; "but it must be done. That letter must have come from a friend, and we ought to follow his advice. There is some mystery hidden here, and what it is we shall soon know. See! they are opening a way for us."

The circle of braves parted as she spoke; and the two sisters, hand in hand, walked slowly toward the bivouac of Cochise, through a lane of Indian warriors, with their eyes cast down to the earth in mortal terror, but restraining the expression of their fears as well as they could.

CHAPTER XIX.
ECLAIR.

WHILE these events were transpiring in the Indian camp, four men were overlooking it from a lofty pass of the Sierra, three of them mounted and one on foot. The mounted man was Belcour; and the Rock Rider was speaking to Somers and Buford.

"Beyond you, gentlemen," he said, "the passes are no doubt free of Indians in any force. I have watched them coming for more than a week, and they are only numerous in the lower passes. Any you meet on your way to Denver you can dispose of. They will only be a few roving vagabonds. Once through those mountains to the north, and you will come to the Middle Park. God speed you thence."

"This is a straight road to Denver, and they have parts of several regiments there. We will do our best to keep the Indians in the valley till you bring help. Spare the spur to-day. You will want it at night. Farewell."

He dismissed them with a wave of his hand, like a king sending away his subjects. Gaunt and meager as he was, roughly and scantily dressed, there was yet that in the carriage and air of the mad Rock Rider that told of the habit of command.

Instinctively the two cousins bowed low, as they had so often done on receiving orders from some General, and both rode away down the pass toward the north, at a rapid pace.

Then the Rock Rider turned to Gustave. "Now, monsieur," he said, in perfectly pure French, "let us proceed on our errand to save what lives we can. You have no horse. What shall we do about that?"

"I must go on foot, I suppose," said Belcour, mournfully; "but I regret it much, for my horse is such a creature as few men ever owned, and I have taught him all the tricks of the circus. He will come to me like a dog, but no one else can catch him, and woe betide the man that tries to lasso him. If he is only loose and hears my voice, he will come to me."

"Look down into the valley," said the Rock Rider, "and tell me if you see your horse."

Belcour advanced to the edge of the

pass, whence he could see the whole of the valley, and looked down.

The South Park was full of Indians and grazing horses, but it was not possible at that distance to distinguish individuals.

"What color is your horse?" asked the Rock Rider.

"Black," answered the Frenchman. "I do not see him."

"Yonder he is," said the Rock Rider, quietly. "He feeds by himself, and the Indians do not see him."

He pointed to a part of the valley at the foot of the Sierra, where a belt of wood separated a little strip of green from the rest of the Park.

A black horse was to be seen there, all alone, feeding quietly.

"Mount behind me," said the Rock Rider. "I will take you there. He feeds at the entrance of my own secret passage."

The young Frenchman obeyed the injunction, and the tall mule set off at a trot along the edge of a precipice, through paths apparently impracticable for man or beast, with a confidence that told of long practice, diving into the recesses of black canons, and finally bringing up in the singular cave or cleft by which the dog had led the three friends the night before.

Emerging into a broad, easy ravine, the Rock Rider pointed to the green meadow below, and observed:

"There is your horse. Call him."

Belcour uttered a cry of delight. It was indeed his lost animal, which the piercing eye of the Rock Rider had detected, when its own master could not recognize it.

Belcour leaped from the mule's back and ran down the pass. He was about to call to the animal, when he heard a loud yell at the other side of the meadow, and two Indian warriors came galloping in. They had obviously caught sight of the horse, whose general contour and beauty of form marked him for a different creature from their own ponies, and thought that they had a prize.

Belcour stopped and crouched behind a rock, laughing.

"Now, mon beau cheval," he muttered, "we shall see the fun. Let us see what they will do to those eager gentlemen, Eclair."

As if to answer the inquiry, Eclair threw up his head with a shrill neigh, and came trotting loftily toward the Indians, till within some fifty yards, when he wheeled about and galloped round them in a circle.

Both warriors, in desperate haste, went racing at him, swinging their lassoes round their heads, and soon intercepted the horse.

First one lasso flew, and hovered over Eclair's head. With a knowing shake the horse ducked his head clear before the noose fell, and trotted away, neighing as if in derision.

The second lasso flew, and descended over his head and neck, while the Indian uttered a shout of triumph.

He was too fast.

No sooner did the black horse feel the noose on his neck, than he wheeled short round, and came at the Indian like a tiger, squealing viciously.

In a moment mustang and rider rolled on the grass, while the furious stallion seized the warrior in his teeth, shook him as a terrier would a rat, and then came down on him with both forefeet, striking like a prize-fighter.

The loosened noose fell off as he shook his head, and Eclair turned and dashed at the other warrior, who was gathering up the coils of his lasso for another cast.

The amazed man fitted an arrow hurriedly to his bow as the furious stallion flew at him. He was too late.

Before he could draw it to the head, Eclair was upon him, rearing up and striking with those terrible forefeet, and down went the warrior in an instant, crushed to death.

Then Belcour ran swiftly down the pass into the meadow, followed by the Rock Rider, and called out:

"Lei, Eclair, lei."

In a moment the lately savage stallion turned about, whinnying loudly for joy, and came tearing up to his master at full gallop, whinnying all the way, when he ran his nose into Belcour's hand, and rubbed up against him with evident pleasure.

"Chut, Eclair, silence, mon garcon," said the Frenchman. "The Indians will hear thee, and we don't want that yet till we are ready. Well, monsieur le Rock Rider, what think you of my horse?"

"This is a noble animal," said the Rock Rider, admiringly. "What can he do?"

"Every thing but speak," said Belcour. "But you shall see soon. He shall be my passport into the Indian camp, as Brinkerhoff has taken his dog. Will you come, monsieur?"

He spoke to Eclair. The noble creature knelt down, and allowed his master to mount him without requiring any exertion beyond throwing his leg over. Then he rose up without saddle or bridle, guided solely by the clasp of the legs of his rider, as gentle as a lamb. Belcour was proud of his horse, and with good reason, for the animal did his teacher credit, and the Rock Rider remarked:

"Sir, you are one of the few men in these degenerate days that practice the noble art of horsemanship, as it was in the days of the knights of old. I honor you for it, sir. In a few moments more our perils will be past. Let us quit ourselves like men, and trust to the God of battles."

Even as he spoke they turned the angle of the wood, and came in full sight of the Indians, who were scattered about all over the valley, on horseback and afoot.

"Trot out," said the deep voice of the Rock Rider; and into the midst of the camp they rode, and where a dense crowd proclaimed to them that Yakop and Carl were the objects of curiosity.

As the strange-looking pair rode onward, a loud yell was caught up from month to month, and the Indians ran to arms all over the valley.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 145.)

Recollections of the West.

How an Indian Kept his Word.

BY BRUCE ADAMS.

THE day's scout was over, the wearied animals were out on the prairie busily cropping the rich grass, while the "boys," as usual, were assembled around the camp-fire listening to an old ranger who was relating, or about to relate, one of his many varied experiences.

As I drew near I found that a discussion relative to the character of the present Indian in comparison with that of the "noble red-man" of other days, had been going

on, and also discovered that the speaker, the old ranger above alluded to, was entirely alone in the defense of the former.

To maintain his ground, and prove that though even so degraded in other respects, the Indian will always be true to his word, the old fellow related the following extraordinary incident, the truth of which he could personally affirm, having been an eyewitness to at least part of the tragedy:

"In the fall of 1880," he said, "our company of free-rangers was operating along the north-western frontier of Texas, holding the Comanches in check, and keeping an eye upon the movements of a band of white men whose head-quarters were somewhere in mountains on the Concho, and who were doing more mischief than the red-skins themselves. We were kept pretty busy between the two, and at last were forced to rope some wild mustangs that they might be made to replace our broken-down cattle."

"In this we were very lucky, and in the course of a couple of weeks nearly all the boys were mounted on first-rate horses."

"Among others that were caught was a big, raw-boned, clay-colored mustang, fleet as a buck, and strong, but the most vicious brute that a man ever tried to put a bridle on."

"He was a prize, and as no one in particular had captured him, he having been taken with others in a general roundup, we drew lots, and he became my property. It took me two weeks more to break him in, and even then he was as treacherous as a rattlesnake."

"At that time we were encamped in a valley the only access to which was by a narrow opening at either end, the east and west sides being walled up by cliffs and piles of broken rock that a mountain goat could not have climbed."

"It was my habit to visit my mustang once or twice through the night while he lay in camp. I being fearful that he might either draw the picket-pin or cut the lariat with his teeth and make off."

"He was continually trying both dodges, and required constant watching to prevent his succeeding."

"One night a norther was brewing, and it came on very dark. I fancied I heard a stir among the animals, and, fearing the infernal clay-bank was after some of his devilry, I jumped up, and taking my rifle, why I don't know, for I did not do so as a general thing, I slipped out of camp and hastened down to where the mustangs were picketed."

"As I drew near I found that the rumpus was increasing, the animals dashing wildly about at the length of their ropes and evidently badly frightened at something unusual."

"I knew that there were but two things, Indians or wolves, that would be likely to produce such a state of things, and fearing it was the former, I slipped back and roused the boys."

"By this time every mustang in the lot was making himself heard, and such a racket as they did keep."

"Loud and clear above all the others I could distinguish the shrill neigh of Clay-bank. His had a peculiarly keen, vicious one. And once heard it could never be mistaken."

"Together we made a charge on the corral, deploying right and left so as to surround and prevent any escape of either man or beast."

"I made directly for where my horse was picketed, and when within twenty paces was enabled to distinguish his form, leaping and plunging and kicking, as though he was possessed of the devil himself."

"But I saw something else besides the horse."

"The picket had been drawn and the lariat was in the hands of an Indian, who was pulling himself up hand over hand toward the maddened animal."

"As the old saying is, 'I was just in time to be too late,' for, at the instant I fairly discovered the state of affairs, the red-skin had reached the horse's side, grasped the long mane and swung himself up."

"He wild reared, and a desperate plunge and then they were off like a streak of lightning, heading across the valley."

"I fired at random, and hastily mounting the nearest mustang started in pursuit."

"Well, we chased that red-skin backward and forward through the valley for two hours or more, occasionally coming close enough to venture a shot, but in the darkness he escaped injury so far as we knew."

"At last the fellow struck the right direction, and went out through the lower, or southern end of the valley."

"Half the boys remained in camp and the rest of us took the trail and started on what proved to be as long and hard a chase as ever I undertook. Three or four times we sighted the red-skin, but he went away from us as easily as if we had been afoot."

"The clay-bank was a magnificent animal, and the more I saw of his action and bottom the madder I got, until I finally swore I'd follow the rascal to the Rocky Mountains."

"That fellow must 'b' been hard up to have risked stealing a horse under such circumstances," said one of the boys, and so it really seemed.

"An Indian, as you all know, won't risk his skin for any thing short of a scalp, as this one did, unless there be some extraordinary reason for it; and hence we were continually wondering what could have driven him to it."

"About noon of the next day we left the timbered country through which the chase had led for several hours, and emerged on a wide prairie, upon the further side of which, just above the horizon, a blue line showed where timber again began."

"Here the red-skin let the clay-bank out in earnest, and by the time we had covered half the distance across the open, he rode into the forest and was lost to sight."

"We were pushing ahead as rapidly as possible, and were within a hundred yards of the timber, when one of the boys called out that Indians were there."

"Sure enough, we saw, a moment later, half a dozen dusky figures dodging about in the undergrowth, and presently a warrior stepped out, and, with both hands raised, the palms turned toward us, advanced to where we had halted."

"A parley ensued, and we were invited to come forward and witness an Indian ceremony. Carefully looking to our arms—for we fully anticipated treachery—we rode slowly forward, crossed the narrow strip of timber, and came out beyond in a little clearing, where a most unexpected sight met our eyes."

"The first thing that attracted my atten-

tion was the clay-bank, standing with drooping head and panting flanks that told how hard that last dash must have been, while, with his arm thrown over the animal's neck, as though to support himself, was the Indian whom we had been chasing for the last two days."

"There were fifty or more warriors present, besides the usual number of old men, squaws and children that constitute a village."

"We were not long kept waiting. Two of the braves stepped forward. We noticed they were of a different band, and approaching the fugitive Indian, they led him to the edge of the timber, placed him with his back against a tree, and then stepped off on either side, a matter of a dozen paces or so."

"A third warrior now separated himself from a group of squaws and children, and, rifle in hand, approached to within half a dozen paces of the red-skin against the tree."

"Not a word was spoken, not a sound of any kind, as he raised his rifle, took a long, careful aim full at the naked breast of the victim and fired."

"The latter fell forward without a struggle. He was shot directly through the heart."

"Of course we were all in the dark as to what this meant, but the chief soon enlightened us."

"It seemed that the Indian who had just been executed had, some time previous, murdered the father and sister of the executioner and his assistants. He had been caught, tried and condemned to die, but had pleaded for time to settle some matters at a distance, giving his word of honor that he would appear at a given day and hour."

"He was permitted to go."

"While returning his horse had fallen dead lame, and he knew that to make the journey on foot was impossible; and, by chance stumbling over our camp, he had stolen the mustang as I have described, and by hard riding arrived at the appointed place in time to preserve his honor."

"Now, boys," said the old ranger, in conclusion, "I swear that every word of this is true, and I want to know how many of us would have done as that Indian did?"

"Well, all I hev ter say ar' that he war a durned chuckle-headed fool!" exclaimed one, a sentiment in which the majority seemed to agree.

"Exactly," said the narrator, dryly, as he turned away from the group."

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THE TWO FAIRIES.

BY LAUNCE POUNTZ.

Floating together in sweet air of spring,
Two sister fairies soared above the trees;
The butterflies, like souls upon the wing,
Hovered around them; and the honey bees
Lent subtle perfume to the gentle breeze;
And sportive swallows gambled through the air,
Twitting over tropic memories,
Telling each other of their journeys, there,
In sunny climes of southern lands, all void of care
A village lay below them, on the plain,
With shady groves begetting it around,
While smiling fields, with freshly-springing grain,
Showed fairest setting to the gem that crowned
The green spring landscape; and the peaceful
sound
Of tinkling sheep-bells mingled with the knell
Of holy orisons, that echoed round
From yonder old church tower's swinging bell,
Speaking of heaven and blessings in its solemn swell.
And lo, beside the village lay a camp,
With snowy ranks of tents in order fair,
Where, round the borders, with unwearied tramp,
The sentry paced. The watchful morning air,
Heavy with smoke of watchfire, lingering there,
Spread, like a veil, about the camp and plain,
And hid the spot where war had made his lair,
With stacks of arms, and chargers in a row,
And gleaming guns and sullen caissons' deadly show.

The fairies floated on, one strewing flowers,
The other sad and dark-eyed, as was meet;
All nature round rejoiced in happy hours,
Unmindful of the camp beneath their feet.
Then spoke, in accents low and silver sweet,
The mournful fairy, saying: "Sister, dear,
Why dost thou scatter flowers, as to greet
Some happy bridal pair? for war is here,
And heroes lie uncovered in the fields without a bier.

The smiling fairy answered not, but threw
Fresh flowers, sending gladness to the earth,
That seemed to spring, all freshly bathed in dew,
Rejoicing from the hand that gave them birth;
Then broke forth singing, in a voice of mirth,
A wild, sweet song, that floated down the breeze,
That called the birds to welcome back the birth
Of smiling spring, and quenched sad memories,
Singing a hymn of holy war and conquered peace.

SONG.
"Sing for the dead that die in battle!
They suffer not,
Shout for the rifle's rolling rattle,
And hissing shot!
"For the world goes forward every day,
And the wave of progress will not stay,
When freedom takes her onward way,
Mid flames so hot.
"And better the death 'neath a waving flag
Than the one that comes with a weary drag,
In a sick room dark, where the hours lag,
And the muscles rot.
"Tis better to lie in an honored grave,
With the tears of those we died to save
To water the turf that hides the brave
Who trembled not.
"For war is the furnace fire so bright,
That burns the wrong and avenges right,
And the pure gold comes from the flame to
sight,
From the black ore got.
"And patience, courage and fortitude
Are the virtues born in the battle rude;
For Liberty's tree needs martyrs' blood
To its deep-struck root.
"Far better the peace that victory buys
Than the one that comes of a trader's lies,
And the sordid fear of a stolen prize,
Or a vanquished lot.
"Sing for the dead that die in battle,
They suffer not."

Tempted, but True.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SHE sat beside the window, while the twilight fell above the world, and rocked her baby, singing the while a low and plaintive lullaby that was full of minor chords, and formed a fitting accompaniment to her thoughts.

She was a woman who, for five years, had been a wife, and for two a mother. She had married a man years older than herself, not because she loved him, but because her father wished it. It was a question of policy with him, and not a question of his child's happiness. The man he wished her to marry was the possessor of vast wealth. Wealth, in the eyes of some men, is more than happiness which can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

To-night, as she sat there rocking her baby to and fro, there was a shadow on her face, and a deeper one upon her heart.

The man who had promised to love her "till death should part them," was not the kind of man to make her, or any one else, happy. He was absorbed in his business. A cold, stern man, who could love nothing but his gold. Harsh, even, to the wife who bore his coldness and neglect uncomplainingly.

It is not to be wondered at that the heart of Leslie Trevor yearned for some love that could satisfy the longing and hunger in it. It was but natural that such a yearning should fill it. Every heart seeks companionship and love of a nature kindred to its own, and there was nothing congenial between her and her husband.

When baby came, Leslie had something to care for, and the pent-up affection of her heart went out to the wee, fair child, in the utterable fullness of mother-love. She thought she should never want for any thing more to love.

But there is a love in the heart of every man and woman, I think, which is different from the love a child awakens. A love that sooner or later starts into existence, and fills the soul with its beauty and sweetness, as a flower suddenly expands and perfumes the air with the fragrance in its heart.

When Leslie Trevor met Hugh Vernon, this love, which no one had touched into life heretofore, sprang up in her heart, and at last she felt the strange, rapt sense of loving as only a woman should love the man who is to be her henceforth the one man in all the whole wide world.

Do not judge her harshly, oh, ye wise and sinless ones, who know nothing of what she had to undergo. Do not call that love sin which was something holy and pure to her. In the eyes of the world, I am aware that it was sin for her to love another man than the husband whose child she held in her arms. But, by no effort of her own had this love sprung up. It came before she dreamed of it. The first time she thought of it she found it in her heart that had suddenly grown full of gladness and a new, strange happiness that it had puzzled her to account for. When she woke to the consciousness of this new, sweet love, she knew why life seemed so different to her from what it ever had before.

If Hugh Vernon had not reciprocated this love it might have been so well concealed by her that no one but herself would have dreamed of its existence. But, he did return it, and before she knew it, almost, her face had confessed to him how much she cared for him, and one day he caught her to his breast, and held her there, dropping passionate kisses on her face, in the wild, unutterable rapture of a first, strong love.

After that you can imagine, perhaps,

what a struggle went on in the woman's soul between right and love, between duty and passion. If you can not, I can not tell you.

To-night, as she sat there in the twilight, her baby on her breast, she was making a decision that must influence her whole future life. A crisis had come. Hugh Vernon, losing sight of honor in the blindness and strength of his love for her, had urged her to fly with him to some place where they could be happy together.

The thought was full of dangerous sweetness. Together! But then! Was it right? Could she prove so recreant to her marriage vow? This life of hers was a dreary one, God knew, but it was one in which duty and honor went hand in hand, and, after all, was that not better than one in which the shadow of a sin always obtruded itself, to blot the sunshine?

Should she, or should she not? Over and over she asked herself the question. To Hugh she gave the strongest love of which she was possessor, and it was that kind of love which she had yearned to lavish on some one, for a love as strong and tender in return. But the world would call it sin—and, if she yielded to temptation, would it not be sin, in reality?

By and by Hugh would come to know her answer. She heard a ring at the door. Perhaps he was coming now.

"Oh, God, help me to do right!" she prayed. I think such prayers as that one of hers are always answered. The baby at her breast stirred, and murmured in its sleep: "Papa—Mamma!"

"I will be a true wife to my husband, if I can not love him!" she cried, kissing the baby's face over and over. And in that



THE TWO FAIRIES.

moment of her triumph God gave her a strength to do what was right.

She went down to the parlor. Hugh Vernon was there.

"I have made my decision," she said. "I can not leave my husband."

"I thought you loved me, Leslie," he said, growing pale.

"God help me! I do!" she cried. "Oh, I wish I did not! This life would be much more endurable, if I were not always to be tormented with the glimpse of what my life can never have. 'Don't,' for he was about to speak. 'It is my duty to stay here. I can not bring my child to disgrace. You must see that you could not trust me as a pure, true woman, if I were to give way to this temptation.'"

"I think you are right," he said, after a little silence. "It is better that I should go away, and let you forget me."

Forget him! As if she ever could do that!

"I do not ask you to go away," she said. "I am not so much afraid of myself that I dare not trust myself to see you. I have made my decision, and I am not a coward—to be afraid of my own heart."

"You are a brave, noble woman," he said, with a tenderness in his voice, that brought swift tears into her eyes. "But I shall not stay here to torture you. I shall go away. It will be better for both of us for me to do so. You have saved yourself and me from a fearful sin. God will reward you in some way."

"Perhaps the consciousness of doing right will be a reward in itself," she answered.

He stooped and kissed her. That kiss was like a renunciation of a thousand sweet and tender hopes.

"God bless you, Leslie," he said, and the strong man's voice was low and broken. "You are a true, brave woman. I hope you will be happy. You deserve to be if ever woman did."

"And I hope you will find some one who can return you an honorable love," she said, but the words cost her a pang.

"No," he answered, "I shall not forget you; I could not."

And then he took her hands in his one moment, kissed her face as we kiss the faces of those whom we shut away beneath the coffin-lid, and was gone.

Five years after that, Hugh Vernon was in a western city. He was seated in the parlor of a hotel, when a woman came in, leading a child of seven or eight.

He started, growing pale, at sight of the woman's face. The old love in his heart leaped up in sudden warmth and radiance. She looked toward him. A glad light came into her eyes. She came toward him with an outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you," she said, in a hesitating, half-shy way. "The sight of an old friend's face is very pleasant in a land of strangers."

"Your husband is with you?" he said, as he held her hand in his.

"My husband died three years ago," she answered.

"Oh, Leslie," he cried, his voice full of unspeakable tenderness and long-repressed yearning, "it is not wrong for me to tell you now what it was a sin for me to tell you when we said good-by. I love you."

For answer she put out both her hands toward him, like a weary child that seeks for rest. He caught her to his breast.

"Mine, now!" he cried; "and there is nothing to come between us and peace!"

And in the supreme happiness of that moment, Leslie Trevor had her reward for being true, if it had not come to her before.

Last night I heard Leslie sing:

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

I know some memory of the past came to her by the look which came into her face. And I think it came to Hugh, for he bent down and kissed her as trustingly as he never could have done if she had yielded to the temptation which his love thrust before her years before.

I read somewhere, not long ago, that it "pays to do right."

I believe so.

THE poor author must "keep the wolf from the door," and he has only his goose-quill as a weapon to confront him with.

a dainty cottage overrun by honeysuckle and clematis, with a fountain playing in the front, and a vista of cool grounds, relieved by marble statuettes, stretching in the distance. All the picture needs to complete it is a sweet mistress for the lovely domain, and my happy self resting under the shade of our own vine and fig tree.

"And a little reality at the back of it," added Roy Marquis.

"Will you see my painted ideal, Miss Standish?" continued Frank, ignoring Roy's remark. "Mrs. Hill has honored me by hanging it with her collection. I would really like to have your opinion of it."

They sauntered slowly through the open rooms, and Roy followed, jealously intent upon keeping near Eva's side. They found the piece in its broad frame of gilt hung in a favorable light.

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Miss Standish.

"But, decidedly impracticable," put in support that heavy arch, you would have your cottage tumbling about your ears, Overton."

"I'd only need to employ a finished architect like yourself to regulate such trifles, my dear fellow," returned Frank, in perfect good humor.

"Thank you; but I'd have to require security before I accepted the undertaking. We working people are mercenary, you know, and even such a remarkable habitation requires something more than air as a basis. All that lattice-work is very pretty, but of little account in winter time unless you conclude to 'pitch your tent' in the Georgian land. Then those sculptured figures are hardly in accordance with the rural simplicity you have otherwise aimed at; as a picture I dare say it is very fine, but I assure you it's a complete failure from any practical point of view."

"Rather hard of you, Marquis, but I can afford to be magnanimous," drawled Frank, in the indifferent way he could assume so perfectly.

"It's too bad," declared Eva, poutingly. "You've got no poetry in your soul to subject any thing so exquisite to such commonplace criticism."

"I wish you would let me tell you the hope which lies nearest my soul—which occupies my heart," said Roy, in hurried undertone. Frank had lost himself in the study of a cracked, time-stained canvas which was claimed to be a true Murillo.

"I'd offer you something more steadfast than vanishing words," Oh, Eva—

"Mrs. Hill!" cried Miss Standish, catching a glimpse of their hostess, and proving herself openly discourteous in the panic which the imminent danger of an avowal caused her. "Did I dream, or was it really the sound of wheels I heard an hour ago?"

"It was really surely, and we've gained a charming addition to our party. Julia Fairfax—every one goes wild about her, you know. Look out, Eva, or you'll lose your position as queen of the realm."

"You may always count upon one devoted subject, murmured Overton, with a meaning pressure of her little hand which sent hot flushes charging into her cheeks.

Yet that same evening he sat at the piano accompanying himself to impassioned love-songs, letting his eyes wander to rest upon Julie Fairfax who sat apparently absorbed in the thrillingly sweet strains. Very melo-tender, pleading eyes he had, and Julie opened a flirtation straightway by glancing shyly up from time to time, and by uttering graceful plaudits when he left the instrument presently to seek her side.

That was the beginning, and the intimacy between the two ripened fast. Eva was blind for a season to her hero's unmistakable love-making, though disturbed by the evidences of gallantry which she fancied others might misconstrue. For herself she never doubted that all the rhapsodical speeches he had uttered to her for the space of a fortnight had been spoken in the seriousness of a heart understanding its promptings and its needs.

Mrs. Hill broke upon her serene tranquillity one summer twilight:

"Isn't it shameful?" ejaculated she, indignantly. "Here is Julie Fairfax flirting desperately with Overton, and she engaged to be married to Fitzhugh in September. I wouldn't mind, only I had set my heart on a match between you and Frank; you're just the kind of a wife he needs, Eva. You would inspire him to perform the great works of which he is capable, and if it were possible for him to win Julie she couldn't be constant enough to urge him on to any one point."

"Mrs. Hill, taking my name in vain?" cried Julie, entering at the moment. "Now, if you're finding fault about any thing, I'll go away. I won't be scolded even by you."

"You merit it at any rate for your treatment of my protégé, Frank. What do you suppose Fitzhugh would say?"

"Oh, he understands these things. I daresay he is being pathetic to that stately Miss Vane who is engrossing every one at the Branch."

"Do you mean that you have been fully trying to mislead Frank?" asked Eva, with an angry glow coming into her face. "It's fortunate I have discovered it in time to enlighten him, and I'm glad to assure you he will not be a sufferer thereby."

"Meaning that he is devoted to you, my dear Miss Standish," purred Julie. "I'm so glad; I really was afraid that he meant just what he said when he came near making a scene this very morning because I was sailing with that dear prosaic Roy last night. There's a man that's worth a dozen—I'd cut Fitz for him this very day if he were not so dreadfully poor. I really couldn't persuade him to utter a single compliment, so I know that he's one of the sort that 'loving once, loves forever.' You see, even such a trifling little mortal as I am can have a solemn mission to perform; mine is to try men's hearts, and I'll not neglect the task while I'm free to pursue it."

"Mischievous-maker!" cried Mrs. Hill. But Eva, with an indignant protest trembling upon her lips, held up her hand and bent her head forward to listen.

Two masculine forms were just distinguishable through the gloom, but the night was still and their words floated distinctly through the open window.

"It's my misfortune to be singularly impressive, but I never imagined you'd impute such folly to me, Deane. I don't particularly admire the Madonna-like style. Rose leaves and lily bloom, sunshine and vivacity are more to my taste. Julie is perfection, and I always wildly worship any thing that is perfect. It's rather conducive to a fellow's self-esteem to hear that a pretty girl is entering a decline on his account, but I assure you if the little Standish is so far gone it's entirely her mistake—not my fault."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill, ready to cry with vexation, and shutting the casement with a bang. "I suppose you'll never forgive the foolish boy that foolish speech?"

It was a moment before Eva answered, and then she spoke so quietly that her hostess hoped after all she had received no very severe hurt.

"On the contrary, I shall always be grateful for his frank utterance of it."

And somebody besides was grateful for it before the season was over. When Roy's injured affections prompted him to speak again, he gained the reward his fidelity so well merited.

After a few weeks, Julie flitted away to lose her identity in a matrimonial transformation, and Overton awoke to a sense of his mistake. He moped for a week, and then found spirit to plunge madly in love with a newer star.

He will never make a success of any thing, but his Will-o'-the-wisp will never sink him in a quagmire, simply because a thistle-down will never go deeper than the surface.

Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I used to think of getting married, I would go and sit in front of a dry-goods store, and get discouraged out of the notion. The last time I took that notion there was no dry-goods store in the village.

My new Music Book is the 'cutest thing out. It contains all the latest tunes, both vocal and instrumental, and is just the thing for beginners who don't know much about music, for you can turn to any page, and that tune will start off on its own accord, either in 2-4 or in 2-4 time. It sings its own songs, and never takes cold or needs winding up, and it will catch the latest tune—provided you send it after it.

SAID Mrs. Jones to her lord, last New Year's Eve: "My dear, what would be the best thing for Santa Claus to put in your stockings to-night?" "I don't know," said he, "unless it would be a new pair of heels."

It will behoove you to behave before a bee-hive.

I GIVE more in charity than my enemies imagine. I never was very stingy with my money. This morning I gave a poor beggar-woman fifty dollars, and told her to call again; to a blind man I gave thirty dollars, and would have given him more, but he wouldn't take it; sent two barrels of flour to a poor family; gave a little beggar-boy twenty dollars, and was just going to present a poor wood-sawyer with a new suit of broadcloth clothes, when my wife woke me up and said breakfast was ready; and yet I never go blowing around much about these things, as some people do.

THE best way to stop a runaway horse is to check his velocity, or terminate his fastness, or restrain his straightforwardness, or curb his impetuosity, or pick him up and shake him out of his shoes.

ONE of the most discouraging things in this world that I know of is to go up a pair of dark stairs and try to put in an extra step at the top, or to go down and endeavor to put in an extra one at the foot.

A MAN the other day fell down and trampled on himself; he got up and kicked himself for the indignity, shook hands with himself, and then took himself into a saloon and treated himself.

A MAN's life was saved from a pistol-ball by a leather-covered flask in his breast-pocket. See that you carry nothing but leather-covered flasks.

SOME people think there will be no end of the world because a sphere can have no end.

THE worst ointment for sore heads—disapp-o-intment.

WHEN landlords quit drowning their coffee so much, and give more bald-headed hash, then I am going to start out to travel.

THE jilted young man who threatened to kill himself was put under marriage bonds to keep the peace.

How bad it is to hear boys about the streets using pulpit phrases with such awful promiscuousness!

It is pleasing to see lightning-rod peddlers go down my steps, and they can't complain that I don't assist them.

A HUNGRY dog gazes on a bowl of milk with a sup-lic-it-ating look.

A YOUNG friend of mine is so active and such a good runner that he lately ran up a hotel bill, but slipped off and injured his honesty.

WHEN I borrow a hundred dollars at ten percent for a year, I compute the interest in this manner: I multiply half the principal by half the per cent and divide by two; then I subtract as much as will pay my butcher bill, then I multiply the remainder by twelve months and divide the amount by the number of days in a year, and then if I find there is any thing due at the end of the year, I go up and pay it like a man.

Lost: my confidence in some people. Liberal reward paid for its recovery.

FOUND: too many faults in humanity; reward paid for their loss.

THE man who has a knack of foretelling the weather should be called an almanac.

THE Turks are a very disturbing element.

SOME men who die by blowing their brains out would probably die just as quick if they would blow their brains in.

A SUPERB plant is parsley, for it is soup-herb.

FOR years the people have decreed That a friend in need is a friend indeed. I'd rather hold to an opposite creed. That a bore indeed is a friend in need.

THERE's a time to laugh and a time to weep,
A time to play and a time to imbibe,
A time to wait and a time to sleep,
But now's the time to subscribe.